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Saturday Review

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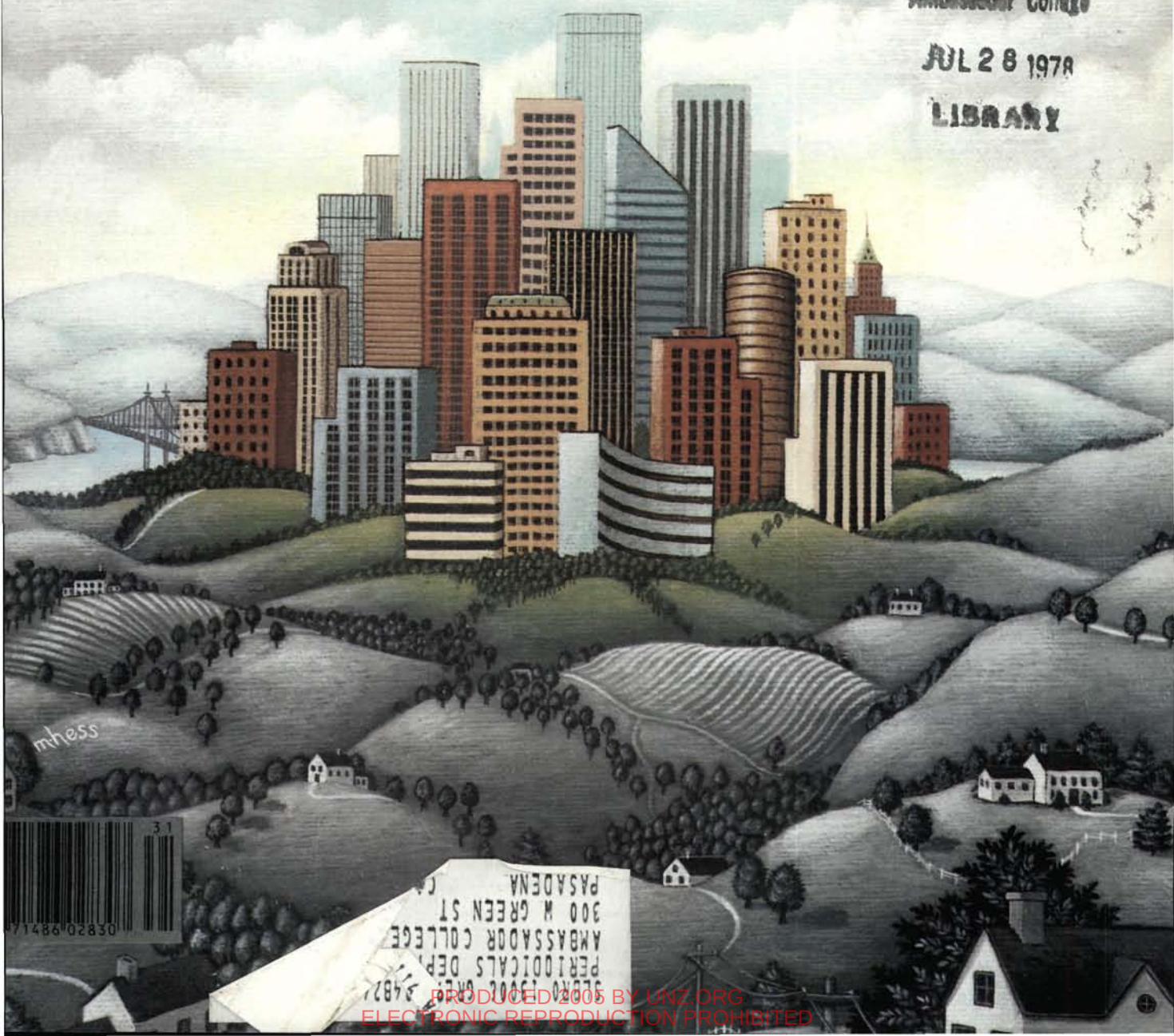

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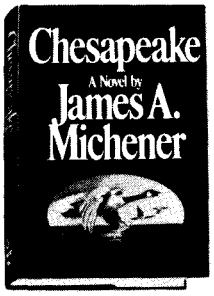

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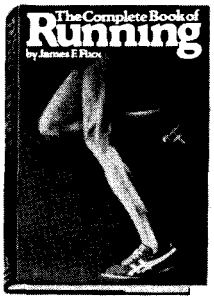

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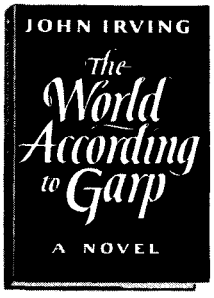

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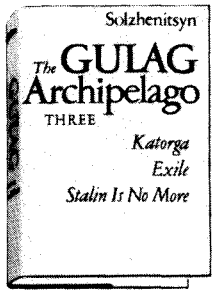

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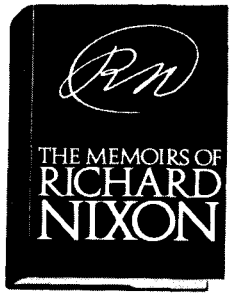

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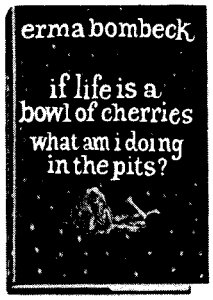

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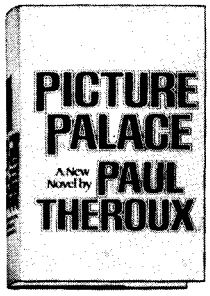

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Continuing Innovation

Today, over 300 different types of Bell System equipment utilize LED's.

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Working together to keep your phone system the best in the world.

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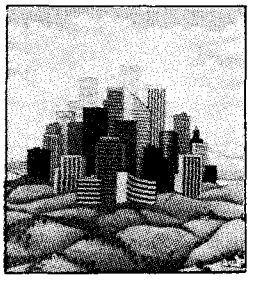

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Criminal Justice on Trial

Nicholas Scoppetta's excellent article ["Getting Away with Murder: Our Disastrous Court System," June 10] deals only with the breakdown of criminal justice. Just as significant, if not more so, is the burden on our citizens in the civil courts and in the administrative boards and courts. Too many Americans are denied civil justice: The expense of litigation is overwhelming; the time required for a resolution is unconscionable; and the technical complexities are incomprehensible to the average person.

The system is an anachronism that creates cynicism and lack of belief in the fairness and decency of justice. We need a peaceful resolution and monumental change, not just in the criminal courts but in the civil courts as well.

Labron K. Shuman
Philadelphia, Pa.

I agree with Nicholas Scoppetta, but he tells only half of the story about our legal system's corruptness and inefficiency. What about the countless numbers of people who are arrested and prosecuted for victimless crimes, in which no harm has been done to others, as well as all the people who are unjustly arrested as a result of illegal police activity or crank complaints? Our law enforcement and court systems will continue to promote social injustice and disrespect for the law as long as they persecute innocent people while coddling vicious criminals.

Robert Maddox Ferrera
Villanova, Pa.

The article by Nicholas Scoppetta provided an excellent and accurate picture of the problems of the urban courts. I would like to add several important points, however. First, the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration has financed every aspect of the Prosecutors Management Information System (PROMIS) program and deserves special credit for its leadership in this area. Second, the district attorneys, judges, and court administrators in the PROMIS cities have been especially courageous in their willingness to share with the rest of the country data from PROMIS describing the serious problems of their court systems. And third, PROMIS now operates in *Saturday Review*'s own hometown (Manhattan) and is being extended to the four other boroughs of New York City.

William A. Hamilton
Institute for Law and Social Research
Washington, D.C.

I read with alarm Nicholas Scoppetta's statement that a small percentage of "extraordinarily effective police officers" account for a large percentage of arrests and convictions. Others with the same type of mentality rated our progress in Vietnam by "body count." Unfortunately, this mentality has become pervasive, especially in the appropriation of Law Enforcement Assistance Administration money.

It is quite easy to make certain kinds of arrests and get convictions. A narcotics detective with a low body count can go to a concert and fill his arrest quota with pot busts. But is he stopping "crime"? Sometimes the best officers make few arrests. After over 20 years as a criminal defense lawyer, I believe our penal system is one of the major causes of crime. Much less than full incarceration will work better than prison in the great majority of cases. But it is difficult to mass-produce sophisticated methods of crime control.

Al Horn
Atlanta, Ga.

Words from Hallowed Halls

I read with great sickness of heart Gene I. Maeroff's article ["Private vs. Public Colleges: The Scramble for Students and Money," May 13]. Having just come from our monthly faculty meeting, I regret to report that our main topic was how to get money (we are $400,000 behind our needs for this year). Once again, our vice-president for public relations is begging—Maeroff calls this "hucksterism"—for $150,000 in pledges.

As I exit these meetings, I see a Civil War-era chapel and an eighth-century chapel bell, and I am reminded of the beauty of the dreams that exist on this campus. I don't ascribe to Maeroff's cynicism; we have *good* students—a

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Danforth finalist; a teaching assistant among my student teachers; a soloist in the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. We don't take "warm bodies," as Maeroff says; we take human beings and give them a humanistic place in which to acquire a college education.

Call us shameless hucksters, call our students warm bodies, our college has been here caring about students for 150 years. I hope that we will always be here, for there must be some alternative to that highly substandard, 500-students-in-an-auditorium mess that Maeroff praises as public education.

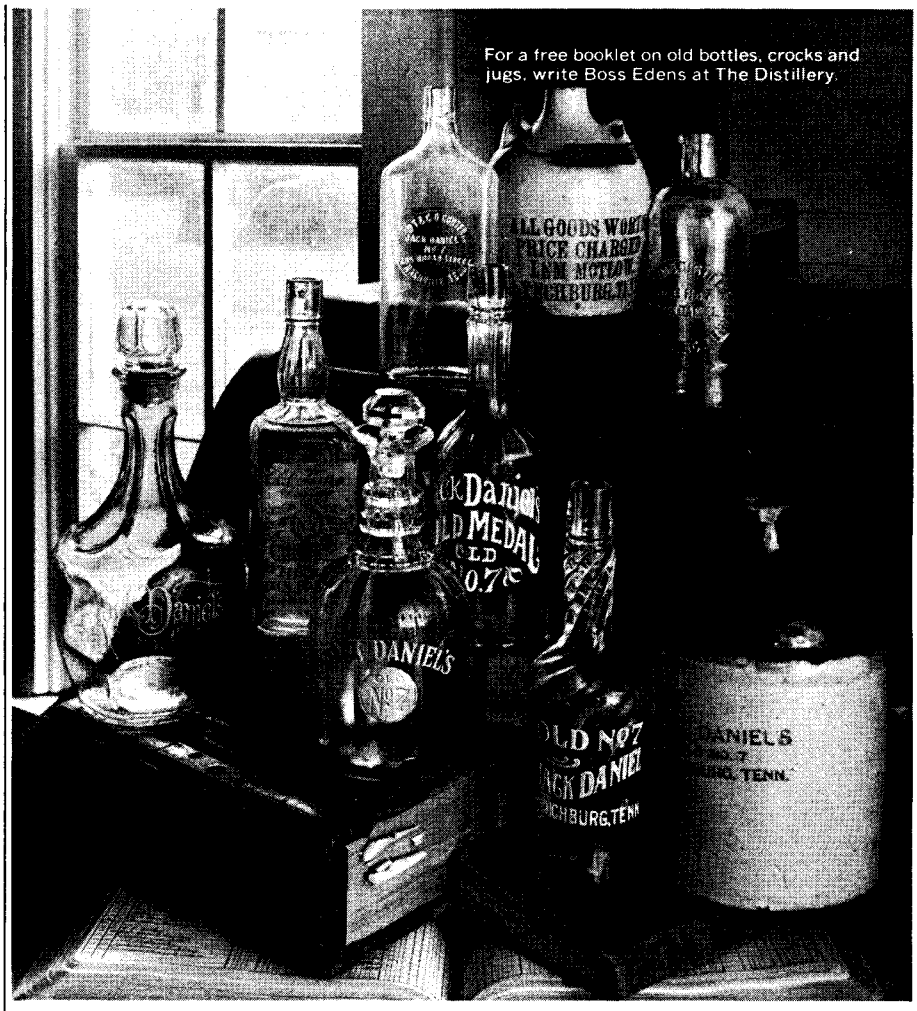
Charlen S. Mitchell
McKendree College
Lebanon, Ill.

Gene I. Maeroff makes a serious error in his concluding paragraph. Although Wyoming has only one state university, there is indeed a private, four-year liberal arts college located in Cheyenne. Opened in 1974 and incorporated within the state in 1977, Chapman College provides an alternative to Wyoming's lethargic system of state higher education.

A closer look at Wyoming, moreover, will reveal little tranquillity within the higher education community: The president of Cheyenne's local community college has expressed public outrage over the addition of Chapman to his perceived territorial bailiwick; the chairman of one of the large departments at the University of Wyoming (U.W.) indicated that he'd "recommend for dismissal anyone caught teaching" for our fledgling operation; a disproportionate number of Wyoming's college-bound go outside the state for their education; and finally, the shaky relationship between U.W. and Casper College has virtually disintegrated over the friction between the two institutions. Couple these problems with a curious dislike for higher education in certain legislative circles, and you have a somewhat more accurate picture of Wyoming.

Contrary to what Maeroff suggests, Wyoming reveals no solutions to the battle between the state and the independent sectors of higher education.

Robert Brooke Sharp
Chapman College
Orange, Calif. (Home campus)



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One was for winning the Gold Medal at the 1904 World's Fair. And another, in 1896, on the 100th anniversary of Tennessee statehood. He even had his nephew make a special bottle for his favorite hotel, the Maxwell House, in Nashville.
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Sitting on Top of the World

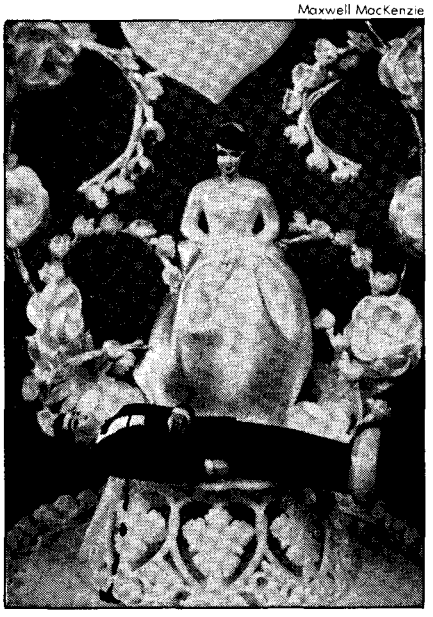
If you want to get the CIA mad at you, just mention the embarrassing case of the atom-powered device the agency "lost," high on a Himalayan slope near the India-China border, back in the 1960s.

The plutonium-packed device was, you may recall from headlines last spring, an electronic eavesdropper designed to monitor nuclear tests then under way in China. A crack U.S. mountain-climbing team backpacked the mechanism almost all the way up the Indian side of Nanda Devi—a Himalayan mountain—but had to abandon the project when an avalanche buried the giant bug before it could be emplaced on Nanda Devi's China-facing side. Unable to retrieve the top-secret device, the CIA imposed a total blackout on public mention of the episode.

When writer Howard Kohn finally broke the story in *Outside* magazine, this spring, he revealed that the outer casing of the lost gadget was slowly crumbling and might in time begin to leak its deadly charge of plutonium into the mountain streams that feed the crowded Ganges River, far below. India's prime minister Morarji Desai promptly confirmed much of the story. But U.S. officials snapped "no comment" when asked for details, and then lapsed into irritable silence on the whole subject. The media, for their part, mentioned the fiasco only briefly, then dropped all further references to it.

But recently three congressmen, tired of waiting for government comment on the bizarre episode, have boldly begun pressing the matter: Representatives Richard Ottinger, John Dingell, and Andrew Maguire have asked President Carter to declassify pertinent data on the misadventure—data that they say the CIA is needlessly withholding. Their request has been coldly received—partly, it is rumored, because our intelligence chaps have planted a number of these listening devices at likely spots here and abroad and fear that free disclosure about the Himalayan foul-up might "blow" these other operations.

Maxwell MacKenzie



Cost of Living

Found: a possible mate for that legendary fellow who killed both his parents, then threw himself on the court's mercy—on the ground that he was an orphan. In 1975, a judge gave Mrs. Marlene Swimley, of Chicago, a three-to-nine-year sentence for trying to hire a "hit man" to do in her husband, Duane. Now free while appealing the verdict, Ms. Swimley—who has by now been divorced by Mr. Swimley—is asking a court to award her $500 a month in permanent alimony and to give her title to their $250,000 home. By accident or design, the *Los Angeles Times* ran the Swimleys' touching story alongside an ad for a California service that offers a "fast, low-cost, commonsense approach" to divorce.

The Redheaded League

Here come the nation's redheads, banding together, throwing redheads-only parties, decrying anti-redhead stereotypes, and tracing their roots deep into the rich red loam of history (remember Eric the Red and his explorer son, Leif?).

The center of all this consciousness raising is Redheads Are Special People, a thriving Brown University campus group founded by an undergraduate named Eric Rosenfeld. A recent issue of RASP's newsletter bristles with redhead lore: An article on famous redheads points with pride to such notable carrottops as Queen Elizabeth I and Thomas Jefferson; another piece blasts widespread idiotic notions about redheads (they're often called hot tempered, rowdy, and hypersexy); and there is a brief, eye-opening essay on the genetics of being born freckled and redheaded. The group invites all rufous types—especially those who want to set up RASP chapters—to write to RASP, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island 02912.

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Storm Warnings

In case you're wondering what insurance companies think of writers, ponder this true story: Recently, a highly solvent, respectable Manhattan businessman retired at sixty and got cracking on his long-deferred ambition—writing a book. Soon after, he applied for renewal of his apartment dwellers' insurance policy, which he'd held with the same company for years. When a clerk asked him, routinely, what his present occupation was, he replied, more than a touch pridefully, that he was a writer.

That did it: His renewal application was turned down flat because, he was told, writers are part of the "entertainment industry" and as such are too high-risk to be insured. Many insurers, it seems, think of entertainment people as giving round-the-clock, marathon bashes devoted to smashing vases and grinding lighted joints into expensive Persian rugs.

When last seen, the rather crestfallen ex-businessman was heading for another insurance agency while trying en route to think up a less jazzy way of accounting for what he does all day.

Flat Assertions

You might think, what with all those satellites sending back photos of planet earth, that there's no one left who seriously believes our planet is flat. But Charles K. Johnson, of Lancaster, England, considers such photos and other "proofs" at best misapprehensions and at worst outright hoaxes. In a recent interview, Johnson, president of the 1,500-member International Flat Earth Research Society, strongly reaffirmed the flat earthers' position that if the world were really a globe, all the people, water, and animals in China and Australia would fall off the underside. As to why the sun sets, says Johnson, it circles the stationary earth, and its seeming disappearance every night is an optical illusion. "Our membership is gaining," Johnson stoutly maintains. "People are coming out of the closet on this."

A Slur of Judges

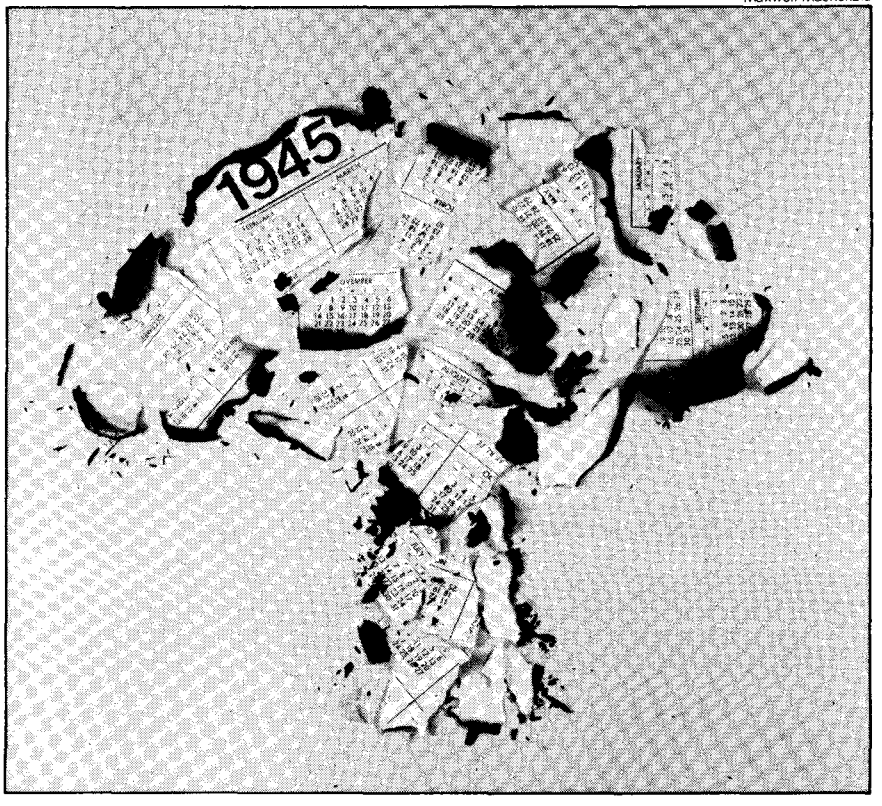
The ugly boilup of racial feeling now under way in Britain has tainted the country's judiciary, once famous for its impartiality. Recently, the lord chancellor had to rebuke a judge who in passing sentence on an immigrant from Libya spoke derogatorily of "you people."

Another, more lurid case involved the conduct of Judge Neil McKinnon at the trial of one John Kingsley Read. Read is the leader of a small right-wing party devoted to the expulsion from Britain of Asian, African, West Indian, and other Third World immigrants. He was on trial before McKinnon on charges of inciting racial violence during a fiery street corner speech that touched off a fight in which an Asian child was killed. In court, the undaunted Read kept right on denouncing "niggers, wogs, and coons."

When the all-white jury acquitted Read, Judge McKinnon openly jubilated, congratulating the politician for being "a man who has the guts to stand up for what he believes." McKinnon added, "By all means propagate the views you have, but try to avoid invoking the sort of action that has been taken against you. I wish you well."

Shocked by these remarks, 90 members of Parliament have demanded McKinnon's dismissal. But McKinnon remains apparently unconcerned and unreconstructed, while the dark suspicion grows that his sentiments, and Read's, are by no means repugnant to many of Britain's magistrates.

Maxwell MacKenzie



The Year That Vanished

Collective amnesia has struck at the Fort Saint Vrain Nuclear Information Center, in Platteville, Colorado: The center's big exhibition depicting year-by-year milestones in nuclear history goes from 1942 ("the first self-sustaining nuclear reaction") straight through to 1946 ("Atomic Energy Commission Established")—without ever mentioning the year 1945.

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World War II's Covert Scientific Contest Between Britain and Germany...

The Secret War

BRIAN JOHNSON

On November 5, 1939 an unseen messenger left a parcel on the window ledge of the British Consulate in Oslo containing a small electronic device and several pages of German typescript. The device was an early proximity fuse for an anti-aircraft shell, and the typescript set out the scope of German military scientific research. The document was signed, "A German scientist who wishes you well." His identity has never been established.

A story of intrigue and espionage, Johnson's book is an expanded, fully-illustrated version of the six BBC television programs tracing the moves and counter-moves between British and German scientists in the fascinating secret war — bombing beams, radar, the V1 and V2, the Ultra Secret — and many others never disclosed until now.

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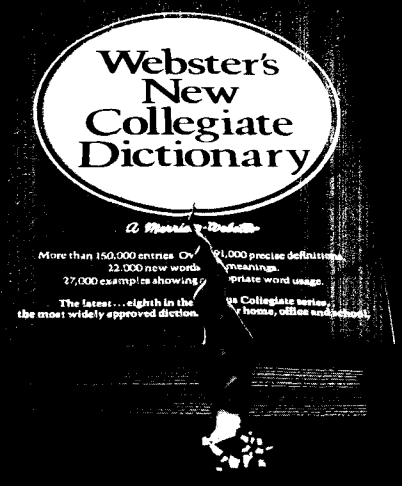

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Surprise!

Gags and leg-pulls are the last thing you might expect from the good, gray Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Yet recently, HEW consultants thumbing idly through the pages of a long new department advisory were jolted when they ran across two fake pages slyly inserted into the document by HEW secretary Joseph F. Califano.

The fake section was soberly titled "Conditions for Participation for Hospitals Under Jewish Auspices." The pages stipulated, among other astounding (and phony) conditions, that bagels consumed at Jewish hospitals "must have an outside diameter of not more than three and three-quarter inches and must bear a label stating that ingestion can be injurious to the health."

Further, Jewish hospitals delivering more than 2,000 Jewish babies per year must, the pages said, hire a full-time *mohel* (performer of circumcisions), and the *mohel* "may not retain tips." And "patients eating Kreplach [a raviolilike folded dough stuffed with meat, potatoes, and cheese] must sign an Informed Consent waiver. ... There must be assurance that protocols regarding the preparation of Kishke [cows' innards stuffed with breadcrumbs, spices, and such] have gone before the Committee on the Rights of Human Subjects."

Finally, "chicken soup may be prescribed only on a generic name basis and through an established formulary." The punishment for not observing these rules would be, the document stated, "a fine of not more than 30 drachmas or 30 days as a patient in Mount Sinai Hospital, New York ... or both."

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Consumer Reports thinks you should know:

How good is the bologna in that sandwich?

Of the 35 brands and varieties of bologna tested by *Consumer Reports* for quality, *nine* were rated Poor or Very Poor for taste. The samples, bought in food stores, were either rancid or showed beginning signs of rancidity.

The start of rancidity can often be detected by a perfume-like scent. So the sweet smell of your bologna may be trying to tell you something.

How does the bologna sandwich compare with the others?

Hamburger	Bologna	Tuna Salad	Peanut Butter
(¼ lb. raw beef, cooked, 1 tbsp. catsup) on bun	(3¼ ounces bologna, 1 tbsp. mustard) on white bread	(3½ ounces tuna, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise) on white bread	(1 ounce peanut butter) on white bread

The bologna sandwich earned our lowest vote of confidence.

Consumer Reports explored this in detail in its article "How Good is the Bologna in that Sandwich?"

Here's how bologna stacked up against the other three sandwich foods... (1) Highest in cost-per-ounce of protein (2) Highest in fats and calories. The bologna sandwich, in fact, was over *four* times as expensive as the cheapest sandwich—peanut butter—at the prices prevailing when we made our test. What's more, bologna contains a potentially harmful additive called sodium nitrite.

Consumer Reports gives you the facts behind the "baloney".

Today's supermarket is no place to be on your own.

Without help, it's hard to know about subtle product differences that can cheat your family of nutrients and maybe even cost you more in the bargain.

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2. Hitachi, MGA and Sony proved the most reliable 19" color TV sets in our exclusive reader survey. The least reliable? Magnavox.

3. We showed how to determine the dealer costs on 94 cars ranging from the Chevrolet Chevette to the Cadillac Seville to help you strike the best deal.

4. Two banks can advertise the same interest rate for your savings account. But one pays only $44.93 for the same period for which the other pays $75.30. It's how they *calculate* your interest that counts.

5. Yogurt costs 26¢ to 42¢ for an eight-ounce container, but for the nutritional benefits it provides, yogurt is a very expensive glass of milk.

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ISSUES

Harvard's Sugar-Pushing Nutritionist

By John L. Hess

HARVARD'S famed nutritionist, Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, preaches that sugar is not fattening and that Americans could use three times as much of it without harm. He himself, though, takes his coffee and his cereal unsweetened by sugar or saccharin. A trim figure of a man, looking far younger than his sixty-eight years, he confides that he avoids those sweet calories "so I can enjoy a martini at night."

Dr. Stare's dietary habits are of interest because he is beyond doubt the country's most influential teacher of nutrition. He founded the department of nutrition at Harvard's School of Public Health; he advises the government and the food industry; he is coauthor of a sumptuous manual on nutrition that is distributed free to medical students by the Upjohn Company; and he is coauthor of a best-selling textbook on the subject for undergraduates studying to become home economists, dietitians, or teachers.

He reaches the general public directly through a syndicated radio program, a syndicated newspaper column, and a series of popular books. All feature, in addition to standard nutritional advice, the special Stare message, as carried on the jacket of his widely read book *Panic in the Pantry*: "Eat your additives; they're good for you."

The fact that every physician, nutritionist, dietitian, and home economist in the country has received the reassuring Stare message goes far to explain why it took a decade of bitter controversy to ban DDT, why efforts to control the consumption of sugar have failed, and why the proposal to ban saccharin set off a counterrevolution against food-and-drug legislation.

In all these disputes, Dr. Stare has played a Panglossian role by maintaining that DDT is harmless, sugar is good for you, and saccharin is sheer pleasure and won't hurt you. He was born for such a role. With his iron-gray hair parted just off center, his eyes twinkling behind pale shell glasses, he invites trust, like the family physician on a Norman Rockwell magazine cover. This benevolent effect is heightened by the old-fashioned doctor's black bag that Stare often carries.

Sitting and chatting with Dr. Stare, as I did recently, one gets little sense of his having been a stormy figure in the controversies that have racked the worlds of nutrition and environmentalism for the past generation. Yet he was a major protagonist in those controversies and is helping to shape those that are to come.

It is no exaggeration to call these life-and-death issues. So it seemed important to me to learn who Fred Stare is, and what makes him tick.

Fredrick John Stare was born in Columbus, Wisconsin, in 1910; won three degrees at the University of Wisconsin; and received his M.D. from the University of Chicago, in 1941. The following year, he went to Harvard as its first teacher of nutrition. That same year, the food industry set up an educational arm called Nutrition Foundation, which engaged him to publish, at Harvard, a scholarly digest called *Nutrition Reviews*, which he was to edit for the next 25 years.

At about that time, British scientists discovered that Agene, then used to bleach flour, caused dogs to die of convulsions. And concern grew regarding other additives and traces of pesticides and antibiotics that were turning up in bread, milk, ice cream, and other foods.

The nutrition department at Harvard never actually engaged in research to determine the safety of foods being eaten by healthy people; its concern was primarily with diets for the sick. But Dr. Stare and like-minded authorities did not ignore the public's alarm. In 1950 they established the Food Protection Committee (FPC) of the National Research Council and the National Academy of Sciences with grants from the food industry and the government. The committee's first report clearly foreshadowed the FPC's role in the years ahead: The report assured the country that DDT and other pesticides were quite safe.

Not sufficiently reassured, consumerists in 1958 obtained the passage of the Delaney Amendment, which explicitly bars from use in processed foods any additive found to cause cancer. This, in the face of objections by such spokesmen as Dr. William Darby—an officer, with Stare, of the FPC and president of the Nutrition Foundation—who argued that some carcinogens were "essential to life" in small quantities.

The debate came to a climax with the publication in 1962 of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, a shattering account of the ravages DDT had inflicted on nature. Dr. Darby accused Carson of "ignorance or bias," and Dr. Stare declared confidently in *The New York Times Magazine*: "There has never been one medically documented death due to proper use of insecticides."

A powerful ally of theirs in the struggle that followed was Dr. Emil M. Mrak, a food chemist who was then chancellor of the University of California at Davis, a government adviser, a trustee of the Nutrition Foundation, and a director of the California Canners and Growers and of Libby, McNeill & Libby. It was Dr. Mrak's sad task in 1969 to head the official commission that was forced by rebellious scientists to find that some pesticides are indeed toxic and that DDT is indeed carcinogenic and should be banned from all but "essential" uses.

(Rachel Carson died in 1964 and so never lived to witness her "official" vindication. Dr. Darby, who was vice-chairman of the Mrak commission, and Dr. Stare say they still believe she was wrong.)

While Drs. Darby and Mrak were defending food technology in Washington, Dr. Stare was waging the fight on the propaganda front. In such periodicals as *Reader's Digest*, *McCall's*, and *The New York Times Magazine*, he assured millions on his authority as a Harvard scientist that enriched white bread is as good as whole wheat.

Dr. Stare's certitude in these matters is remarkable in light of the rather plastic state of the art. Dr. Joan Gussow, who heads the nutrition program at Columbia's Teachers College, has observed:

"Every therapeutic diet that was in vogue when I did my graduate studies in 1969 and 1970 has been overthrown. They said pregnant women shouldn't gain weight; now a gain of twenty to thirty-five pounds is held normal. They put diabetics on high protein—that is, high fat—and now it's carbohydrates. [Patients with] ulcers got the Sippi diet of milk and cream all day; that was found to stir the stomach juices, so now [ulcer patients are] on three meals and antacid. Colitis patients got a soft, bland diet; now it's high fiber.... And all this in the last decade."

Even *Nutrition Reviews* now fre-

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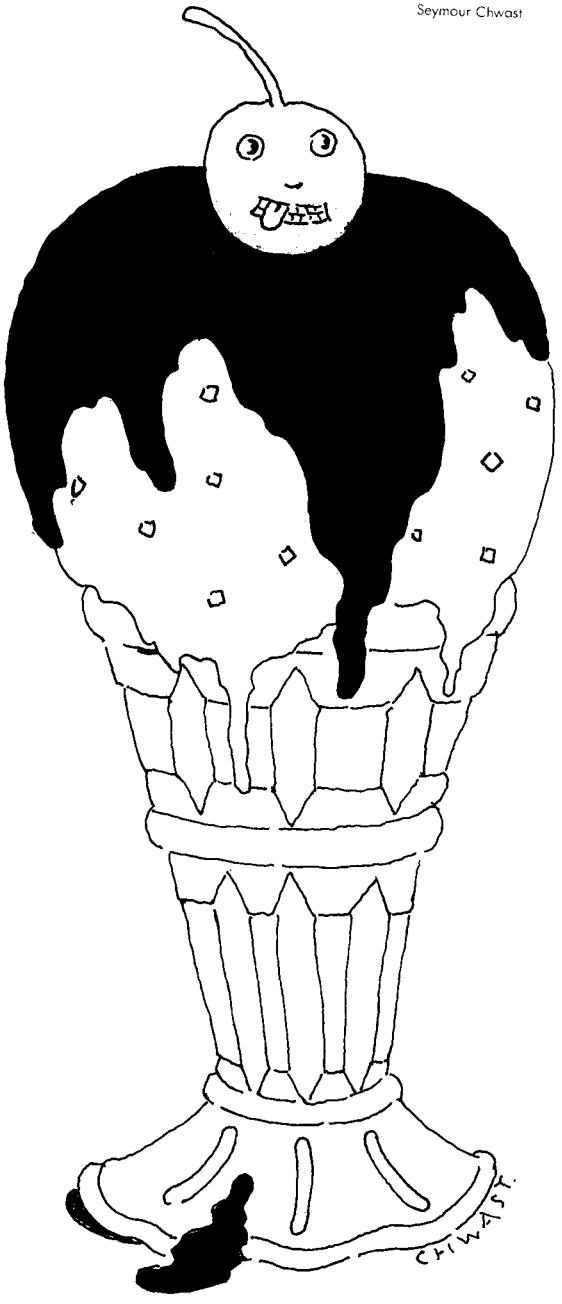
Seymour Chwast



quently warns how little is known about nutrition. An editorial not long ago commented indirectly—and perhaps inadvertently—on Stare's downgrading of whole wheat by citing an experiment concerning the common food infection salmonellosis. "Animals fed a 'purified diet' presumably adequate in known nutrients died, while animals fed a crude diet of whole wheat survived," *Nutrition Reviews* reported. Stare's reaction to this revelation is not known.

Such pro-whole wheat critics as Dr. Gussow and Dr. Michael Jacobson—of the Center for Science in the Public Interest—point out that at least 20 known nutrients are milled out of wheat; the industry puts back only four in "enriched" flour.

WHAT WORRIES Stare's critics is that in America today, the consumption of unprocessed foods is declining rapidly. Replacing the old diet of three square meals a day is a new kind of diet made up of what Dr. Stare once approvingly called scientific snacks—enriched tidbits designed for munching, sandwiches, prepared foods, fast foods, soft drinks. The new diet is low in roughage, which is now known to be an essential protection against certain degenerative diseases, and it is high in calories, especially sugar.

The food industry dotes on sugar because it is a cheap substitute for the flavors lost in processing and storage and because it is addictive. Suggestions that it may be directly responsible for a variety of ailments have apparently not been proved scientifically—at least not yet. But responsible nutritionists point out that sugar contains only "hollow calories," which replace valuable nutrients in the diet. Critics charge that its use in baby foods, soft drinks, candy, munchies, catsup, salad dressings, and a variety of other foods has promoted an epidemic of obesity—which in turn has incited the dieting hysteria that they and Dr. Stare decry.

The new diet pattern has also provided a great marketing opportunity. The 1960s saw an explosion in sales of artificial sweeteners. But as Dr. Gussow observes, the consumption of sugar did not decline. Indeed, most consumers (unlike Dr. Stare, who defends synthetic sweeteners but doesn't use them) regard a Sweet 'N Low or a diet drink as a license to eat a candy bar or dessert.

Another controversy having Stare at its center flared in 1969. When the sweeteners called cyclamates were found to be carcinogenic and were banned, the food industry hastily switched to saccharin. This sweetener was legal only because government advisers—led by Drs. Mrak and Darby and supported in the press by Dr. Stare—had for more than 20 years attacked as inconclusive tests indicating that saccharin should be withheld from the public. Stare, Mrak, and Darby suggested that the experimenters had used saccharin that was tainted with other substances, including cyclamates.

As a result, a new study using purified saccharin was ordered in Canada. When it confirmed the previous results, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) reluctantly moved to ban saccharin. This decision set off an uproar—whipped up by the soft drink and saccharin industries through a lobby called the Calorie Control Council—and Congress suspended the ban pending further action in 1979.

Stare is also enthusiastic about another ingredient in our bottled pop. Many nutritionists are worried about the huge amounts of phosphates being imbibed by adolescents with their soft drinks. Among the viewers with alarm is Dr. D. M. Hegsted, successor to Dr. Stare as editor of *Nutrition Reviews*. Dr. Stare disagrees with Dr. Hegsted. In one of his newspaper columns, he wrote: "Does it surprise you to learn that cola is a good source of phos-

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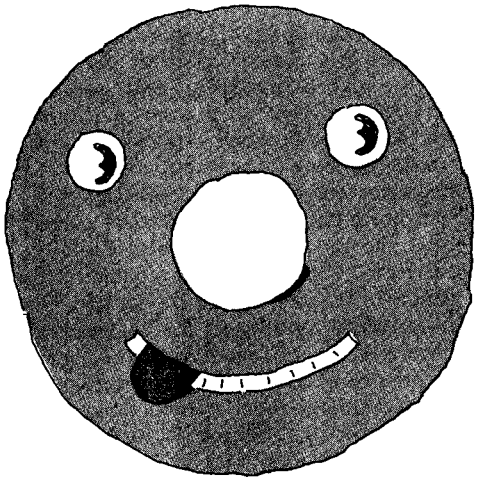

"A lot of the public, and unfortunately some of my colleagues, think I'm a monster—a paid tool of the food industry," says Fred Stare, amiably.

phorus? It is."

Stare's close associate and coauthor, Dr. Elizabeth M. Whelan, addressed a meeting of the National Soft Drink Association last fall. She urged the industry to promote its products not so much for being safe as for being enjoyable, adding that junk food might better be called fun food.

"The availability of something like soft drinks to children does not pose any known health hazard that would harm them," she assured the bottlers. She encouraged the producers of fun food to continue such promotions as General Foods' payment of five cents to school funds for every Kool-Aid or Post cereal label brought in by the kiddies. "A school is supposed to be an educational institution," she said, "and maybe a child should learn how to use soft drinks in moderation in this environment."

The Stare school of pro-additive polemicists uses a tactic that the French call *amalgam*—lumping together for purposes of ridicule *all* critics, from the frauds and crackpots to the most serious scientists and consumerists. Thus an article from an American Medical Association publication, reprinted in a special issue of *Nutrition Reviews* on misinformation and faddism, begins: "Adelle Davis. Ralph Nader. Carlton Fredricks. Sometimes those insistent public voices can make a food shopping list sound almost like a death wish."

The message is that all is safe in our larders and on the supermarket shelves and that anybody who says otherwise is a quack or worse.

This is the thrust of Stare's book *Panic in the Pantry*, which appeared in 1975 and has gone into four printings. It has now been issued in paperback, with no correction of any of the factual errors and distortions noted by such critics as Marion Burros of *The Washington Post*. Among the errors: that all chemicals now in use have "survived rigid testing"; that the FDA gave "a clear bill of health to red dye No. 2" (which has since been banned); that artificial colorings have been cleared of the charge of causing hyperactivity in children; that the cattle-feed supplement DES is harmless; that there is a safe threshold for the ingestion of carcinogens; that the only type of cancer that has increased in frequency in recent years is lung cancer.

As Burros pointed out, cancers of the colon, the rectum, the pancreas, and the esophagus have all increased. Dr. Stare replied to the *Post* that he had written about cancer *deaths*, not incidence. The text of *Panic in the Pantry* does not bear him out. What it does demonstrate is his low opinion of scientists who question the safety of industrial products.

Dr. Darby accuses these scientist-critics of "scientific McCarthyism." Dr. Stare questions their competence on human health. In that context, he amiably calls the eminent Dr. George Briggs a "chicken nutritionist" and his own colleague Dr. Hegsted a "rat nutritionist" because they do experiments using these subjects. In *Panic*, it is averred that the public's right to eat synthetic sweeteners was decided by the results of tests on "four unfortunate rodents." (In interviews, Dr. Darby told me it was two or three rats and Dr. Stare said six or seven—but no matter.) Animal tests that implicate natural substances (aflatoxins, brackens, sassafras) as cancer causers are accepted however by Darby and Stare as conclusive.

Panic also puts down Dr. Jacqueline Verrett—the FDA researcher who blew the whistle on red dye No. 2 and on the FDA's suppression of antidye data—as the sort of person who keeps deformed chicks in jars in her laboratory. Linus Pauling is more kindly described as "one of only a few individuals twice honored with the Nobel Prize." (He is, in fact, the *only* one so honored, unless you count Marie Curie, who won one Nobel and shared another.)

Not surprisingly, Dr. Pauling now receives the Stare dunce cap because he advocates vitamin C for the prevention and cure of colds. One does not have to accept Pauling's thesis to be troubled by the response of Stare and the health establishment to the Nobelist's findings. Neither does one need to accept Pauling's suggestion that the large investment in proprietary cold remedies is a factor in the resistance to claims made for vitamin C. It is more plausible perhaps to suppose that some authorities just don't like outsiders saying they are wrong.

Seymour Chwast

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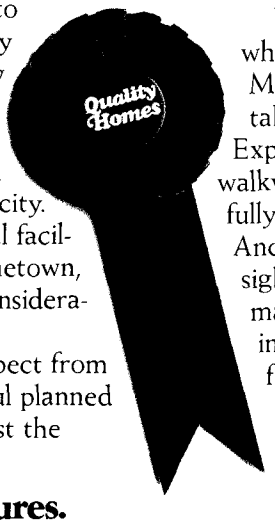

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STARE'S ANGELS

According to recent treasurer's reports of Harvard University, the following have been large, regular donors to Dr. Fredrick J. Stare's nutrition department at the School of Public Health:

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United States Brewers Association

Both in his Upjohn manual and in his *Panic* book, Dr. Stare erroneously reports that the Pauling thesis has been disproved by controlled experiments. He mentions only two, both of which actually showed that those taking vitamins caught fewer colds and recovered more quickly on the average than those who did not. The second test of Pauling's vitamin theories, as published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, in March 1975, is truly remarkable. Test volunteers quickly learned which pills were the vitamin and which were the placebo—a circumstance that should in itself have put an immediate stop to the test. So many volunteers quit the test (apparently because they had lost confidence in it) that it was halted after nine months. As for the results favoring vitamin C, the paper said they might be explained by the failure of the controls. In other words, the very ineptness of the test was cited against Dr. Pauling's view.

The point here is not whether Dr. Pauling or Dr. Stare is right about vitamin C but rather how much confidence we may have in the information sciences that determine national health policy. Dr. Samuel S. Epstein, of the University of Illinois Medical Center, argues that much of the information base, having been generated or inspired by the food and chemical industry, is "suspect."

If that data base is indeed askew, the fact deserves wide public concern, for it raises the specter of major health scandals. Dr. Epstein, a well-known specialist on cancer in children, has long argued that carcinogens in the environment may be a major factor in the development of cancer in human beings. In a forthcoming book, *The Politics of Cancer*, he charges that these environmental perils have been covered up by slovenly or downright fraudulent research.

"Policy is based on the assumption that our information is accurate," he told me recently. "It's not. For example, it's generally assumed that saccharin is useful in combating obesity. [But] in fact, it induces a drop in blood sugar, which stirs up the appetite. Rats on saccharin put on more weight. Most saccharin is consumed by adolescents—a candy bar in one hand and a diet drink in the other."

THE WHOLE AREA of soft drinks and sweeteners is a touchy one. Stare's colleague, Dr. Whelan, herself belongs to the Pepsi-Cola—or rather, Tab—generation. In the preface to the hard-cover edition of *Panic*, she says the book was her idea: "For ten years, I had been enjoying the noncaloric sweet life. I shook a few drops of a miracle liquid into my coffee each morning, quenched my thirst at lunch with a chilled bottle of calorie-free soda, and garnished my dinner salad with a thick, creamy, and not guilt-provoking diet dressing."

She was frightened out of this gastronomic idyll, she relates, by the news that her saccharin ambrosia had caused cancer in "some unfortunate sweet-toothed rodents." So she tried "natural foods" but didn't like them. Then she read up on the facts (Dr. Whelan is not a physician but a Ph.D. demographer turned publicist) and learned that concern about ingesting food additives was "totally unfounded." Finally, she enlisted Dr. Stare to write a book that would be neither by "those personally involved in the food industry" nor by "those on the other side."

But Dr. Stare hardly qualifies as a person not involved with the food industry. In fact, he has been something of a spokesman for the industry ever since he testified before Congress for Kellogg, Nabisco, and the Cereal Institute, in 1970, asserting that their products—which were up to 70 percent sugar—provided better nourishment for children than would an old-fashioned breakfast. (Dr. Stare has also been a consultant and frequent expert witness for the sugar industry for many years.)

Dr. Stare said at the time that he took no fees from the cereal makers. But it transpired that he did receive retainers from them. When confronted with this fact, he said that these retainers plus his additional fee as a director of the Continental Can Company amounted to only about $10,000 a year in all. Six months after the 1970 hearings, the Kellogg Company donated $2 million to Stare's department at Harvard. Further, Dr. Stare confirmed to me that when Kellogg had expressed an interest in having a study done on whether sugared cereals promote tooth decay in children, he had referred the company to a friend of his at the Harvard School of Dentistry, who had agreed to take on the project. The study's findings—that sugared cereals do not promote tooth decay—have been widely publicized, without mention of the Kellogg sponsorship.

Ties such as these between academe

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and the food and chemical industries were the subject of a 1976 report by Congressman Benjamin Rosenthal (D.-N.Y.) and the Center for Science in the Public Interest. A dozen other universities were mentioned in the report, but Harvard's nutrition department was singled out as being "riddled with corporate influence."

Even the prestigious Dr. Jean Mayer, the distinguished former chairman of the department, who left Harvard two years ago to become president of Tufts College, did not escape criticism. Dr. Mayer has publicly rebuked Dr. Stare as one of those "favorable to the sugar interests" who have distorted the evidence. But Mayer himself has plugged textured vegetable protein without mentioning that he is a director of Miles Laboratories, a manufacturer of the product.

Dr. Stare handles questions about his industrial ties with weary good humor. When asked about industry funding for his work, he drew from his wallet a worn strip of paper and, glancing at it, told me that his department's budget, which ranges from $3 million to $4.5 million a year, is met 80 percent from government grants, 6.5 percent from foundations, 6 percent from endowments, and 6 percent from food and chemical companies.

"Never more than six percent from industry," he said.

This sort of assertion is the despair of Dr. Stare's friends in the profession: Harvard's annual reports show that direct gifts to his department from the food industry average more than $500,000 a year—which is appreciably more than the 6 percent figure he cited to me. Most of the foundations and individuals giving money to Stare's department are also connected with the industry, and the department's endowment funds come chiefly from such companies as Kellogg and General Foods, which has a large plaque in the school entrance.

Dr. Stare's colleagues defend him better than he does himself. They point out that he is an independently wealthy man—an heir to a Midwestern canning company that was acquired by the conglomerate Stokely-Van Camp—and that he has given most of his outside earnings to the nutrition department, which, as I've noted, he founded in 1942 and built up to its present eminence.

The professor makes no bones about swapping favors to the industry for donations to his department. He likes to tell how the Swift meat packing company ran into objections from the British Food and Drug Administration when it proposed to inject tenderizer into cattle just before they were slaughtered. Dr. Stare says he went to London and persuaded "my friends at the [British] FDA" that it was no different from tenderizing beef after it becomes a steak. (It does, though, deprive the consumer of a choice.) He took no fee for the service but suggested a donation from Swift to his department.

"I do lots of things," he said, "simply because I'm interested and I have friends. But I never send a bill."

Dr. Hegsted said: "I agree that Fred goes too far in resolving all questions in favor of whatever we are doing now....[But] Fred did a pretty good job of trying to find good people here and never put any pressure on us. If he'd just get off this sugar and additive kick."

Reminded that his magazine had attacked virtually all critics of additives in a special issue that is still being circulated, Hegsted replied: "I tread a narrow path myself—*Nutrition Reviews* is subsidized by the Nutrition Foundation. I accept responsibility, but that issue was edited by someone else."

As for company subsidies in general, Dr. Hegsted said: "I've got the opposite complaint. The food industry doesn't put any money worth a damn into research.....When you look at the advertising budget of General Foods and then at the few thousands it contributes, it's getting a lot for peanuts." (General Foods spends more than $200 million a year—and the industry as a whole is estimated to spend some $3 billion a year—on advertising. The Nutrition Foundation says it contributes about $400,000 a year for research on nutrition. Individual food companies give millions more, but much of that is for studies that will directly benefit their technology and marketing.)

"You know, Fred Stare doesn't have the greatest reputation," said Dr. Stanley Gershoff, formerly of Harvard and now at Tufts. "I [have] disagreed with him on many things. But not once in twenty-five years did I see any member of the faculty influenced by Stare. He never put any pressure on me."

Dr. Stare himself takes all the flak serenely. "A lot of the public, and unfortunately some of my colleagues, think I'm a monster—a paid tool of the food industry," he told me. In fact, he continued, early in his 25-year term as editor of the foundation-subsidized *Nutrition Reviews*, "the president of the foundation objected to several pieces because they were a little too anti-industry. I told them I was the editor, and I was going to publish it my way or [they could] get another editor....Not once did they overrule me."

One confirmation of Dr. Stare's claim to independence is a no smoking sign on his wall. The Council for Tobacco Research—which does for the cigarette industry what the Nutrition Foundation does for the food-and-additives industry—has been a faithful contributor to Dr. Stare's department, but he has repeatedly argued that it is cigarettes and not additives that are responsible for the rise in cancer.

In his early years as a medical researcher, Dr. Stare did fruitful work on fat emulsions in the blood. But he abandoned research to teach and to raise money. "In the department of nutrition," he said, "there were five or six who did research. I couldn't tell them what to do—I couldn't and I wouldn't."

Asked if his colleagues had ever found any food chemical to be harmful, he replied: "No, but we have never worked on this. That would be the work of food technologists."

Yet it is his prestige as head of the department of nutrition at Harvard's School of Public Health that has lent weight to his defense of additives. I found no serious scholar in the field who fully agreed with him, and indeed his own dean and two fellow professors recently rebuked him publicly for using his position to attack the Delaney Amendment, which bans carcinogens in a campus publication. But his conscience appears to be perfectly clear.

"Fred Stare is the only human being I've ever known whom I can't figure out," Dr. Gershoff said.

A clue to the puzzle may be the nostalgia with which Stare talks about his father's big cannery in Columbus, Wisconsin, where he worked as a boy. His mother lives in Columbus and was heartbroken, he said, when Stokely-Van Camp recently decided to close the cannery down. Way back, the cannery used to add a little sugar to the peas to make them taste better, Dr. Stare has said pointedly. It may well be that he is still a food processor at heart and takes any criticism of the product to be a criticism of his family and its way of life.

At the close of my talk with Stare I said, "Suppose it turned out that you were wrong, that one of the additives you defend had hurt many thousands of people?"

Like a country doctor humoring a worried patient, he smiled, then said: "I'd be very sorry." ◉

John L. Hess is a reporter for The New York Times *and is author, with Karen Hess, of* The Taste of America.

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WASHINGTON

Intelligence at Sixes and Sevens

by Tad Szulc

AMERICA'S intelligence community is still a mess. After a two-year investigation of questionable intelligence practices (foreign assassination plots; LSD tests on unwitting subjects; political surveillance of Americans; and the like), two basic presidential executive orders, and a series of command reshuffles, one might think that the demons of the CIA's past have been finally exorcised and the agency could concentrate on the business at hand.

But this would be too good to be true. Instead, the intelligence community—a term that takes in all of America's civilian and military intelligence agencies—continues beset by problems and contradictions. There are no clear guidelines governing many intelligence procedures. Interagency rivalries are not abating. The CIA must report to *eight* congressional committees on its ongoing activities—which is overdoing "oversight." Worst of all, intelligence people are splitting into hostile camps over what was right or wrong about the past.

Moreover, the intelligence community is in the midst of a fundamental reorganization—not likely to be completed before 1980—as the Congress drafts new legislative charters for the CIA, the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. There are many uncertainties about what these charters will finally provide—lots of intelligence people fear the community will be overregulated, while a great many Americans are worried about insufficient statutory controls.

To compound matters, Admiral Stansfield Turner, the Carter-appointed director of central intelligence (the fifth intelligence boss in five years), has a tendency to run the highly politicized community as if it were Captain Queeg's destroyer. Although the size of the CIA has to be reduced to meet the new constraints and requirements—its payroll has in fact been steadily trimmed over the years—Turner chose to apply virtual court-martial techniques to the massive firings he ordered in the agency's clandestine-services division last year. And if one is to believe CIA insiders as well as his White House critics, Turner has also proved to be a disappointing manager of the intelligence community.

The complaint about Turner is that he understands neither the craft of intelligence nor the politics of Washington. Not surprisingly then, the morale at the CIA's headquarters in Langley, Virginia, is even lower these days than during the years when the agency went through the crucible of congressional investigation.

Still unresolved, at least in the minds of large numbers of intelligence officers, is the role of the CIA in an open society. This is illustrated by agency "traditionalists'" continuing attacks on former CIA director William E. Colby for having been unexpectedly and disturbingly candid with congressional investigating committees during 1975.

The anti-Colby faction is largely inspired by Richard M. Helms, another former CIA director. The Helms faction takes the view that all intelligence secrets have to be protected at any cost—even from the Congress. This traditionalist stance goes back to cold war days, when the agency was free to do virtually what it pleased.

Colby, himself a clandestine-services veteran, sees the workings differently—and more thoughtfully. While arguing that sensitive intelligence operations must remain hidden from the public eye, he also believes that the intelligence community in this age must be accountable to the President and the Congress. Otherwise, he feels the dilemma of intelligence services' functioning in a free society will never be resolved to the satisfaction of most Americans.

In light of all the controversy surrounding the intelligence community, the obvious question is, How effective is the community at this stage in feeding quality information to policy makers?

The answer is not easy, inasmuch as the flow of intelligence is highly classified and cannot be matched against open assessments of world events. However, most of the community's efforts and resources are concentrated these days on collection and evaluation of intelligence. In the case of the CIA, all its paramilitary functions have been transferred to the Defense Department, and its capabilities for so-called covert political action (the euphemism for secret political operations abroad in support of or against foreign governments) have been sharply curtailed.

Both the CIA and the National Security Agency, which is run by the Pentagon, place increasing emphasis on immensely sophisticated electronic espionage, covering everything from Soviet observance of the strategic arms limitation treaty (SALT) to rice crops in China. Obviously, both agencies also try to eavesdrop on Communist leaders and others. All this surveillance is supplemented by human agents, often deeply embedded in the Soviet Union and elsewhere.

Consumers of intelligence—i.e., the White House and the State and Defense departments—say that on the whole they are getting a reasonably good product from the community. Under Colby, the evaluation process was streamlined in a satisfactory fashion, but Turner is trying a new approach that has yet to prove itself.

When the CIA has made public its conclusions, controversy has often developed. Many experts, for example, reject the agency's conclusion that by 1985 the Soviet Union will become a net importer of oil (she is now a major exporter). But there is no way of telling whether similar controversies will surround the agency's top-secret conclusions on other topics.

Clearly, there is no perfect intelligence, and there always will be disagreements among experts. But when it comes to adequate intelligence, so much is at stake in terms of national security that the health of the intelligence community must be the foremost foreign policy concern. We cannot conduct a rational foreign policy without a high-quality flow of intelligence: No serious decisions are possible if we don't understand on an around-the-clock basis the meaning of events in our nuclear world.

Unfortunately, however, all signs are that the intelligence community, particularly the CIA, has not yet overcome the accumulation of problems that renders it somewhat less dependable than is humanly possible. In the electronic age of intelligence, political leaders tend to overlook the human factor, which, among other things, means the morale of men and women responsible for the kind of flow of intelligence the country needs. ◉

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America Falls in Love with Its Cities—Again

by Horace Sutton

When you're alone and life is making
you lonely,
you can always go DOWNTOWN.
When you've got worries, all the noise
and the hurry
seems to help, I know. DOWNTOWN.
—"Downtown"
Words and music by Tony Hatch*

THE CITIES were dead. Hadn't all the coroners certified that it was so?

The large companies were fleeing the urban jungle, heading for the serenity of New York's Westchester County; escaping to the quiet Connecticut dells; establishing themselves in the exurban reaches of California; moving out of mid-Manhattan to Alexandria, Virginia, separated by a river from Washington; pushing onward to the Carolinas, where life could be lived more quietly, handy to leisure-time pleasures.

Night after night on the NBC network, before he too moved to California, Johnny Carson fired shot after shot at New York, the barrage beamed at a nationwide television audience that learned to equate "New York" with "city" and both of them with getting mugged, raped, and ripped off.

In *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, Jane Jacobs, the literate watchdog of metropolitan life, inveighed against attempts at urban development. "Look what we have built," she said challengingly:

> Civic centers that are avoided by everyone but bums ... commercial centers that are lackluster imitations of standardized suburban chain store shopping. Promenades that go from no place to nowhere and have no promenaders. Expressways that eviscerate cities.

Said she, "This is not the rebuilding of cities. This is the sacking of cities."

The cities represented crowds, crime, noise, pollution, and traffic. The green fringes promised trees, space, good schools, and breathable air, all on a half acre of heaven.

No wonder then that there was a flight to the suburbs. "Make some money and move to Scarsdale" was the cliché Eastern American dream. Confirmed sidewalk cowboys pulled up stakes; forsook roots; and headed for the hills, headed for the tract house, for the lawn and the garden; gave up the neighborhood grocery for the faceless supermarkets. They became cart pushers, lawn weeders, admirers of the homegrown tomato. No wonder that department stores followed, often providing the keystone for enormous shopping malls that covered suburban greenery with asphalt and tar to provide parking space for the modus that provided linkage for the suburban dweller: the automobile.

In 1973, just five years ago, the United States Senate authorized the expenditure of $750,000 for a study that would evaluate the nation's tourism resources. "Cities are dying," the hired experts reported to the Senate's committee, and as a tourism resource they might as well be written off.

And then, more suddenly than it had begun, the outward migration slowed. People turned back toward the cities. So did larger corporations, many of which had followed the cultish vogue to relocate their headquarters in suburban greenery. Huge expenditures of capital were introduced into city development. New and rakish towers soared out of vacant lots. Apartments grew scarce, rents rose. Only five years after cities had been left for dead, the hardest thing to find in maligned and "moribund" New York is a hotel room. The average midtown rate runs anywhere from $54 to $100 per night for a room. This spring, the Tisch brothers, who operate the Loews chain, with hotels stretched from New York to London to Monte Carlo, bid $45 million to take over the Biltmore, Barclay, and the Roosevelt, midtown New York hotels *d'un certain âge* owned by Penn Central. Later, an Arab group reopened the bidding and offered $10 million higher. But such was the potential of the three elderly Manhattan hotels that the street-wise Tisch brothers matched the $55-million bid and won the hotel bloc.

The big old Commodore, grafted onto New York's Grand Central Station and before it closed a bustling center in its heyday, has been taken over by the Hyatt Corporation, which will remodel it to bring it into line with some of the stunning architectural adventures Hyatt has created in other cities. Harry Helmsley, one of the most astute real estate operators in the nation, is a moving force behind the Palace

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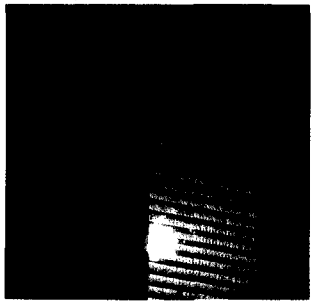
Craig Aurness

Angelenos at play in the new downtown—"The Big Orange."

Hotel, a $75-million, 1,000-room luxury inn being built around the corner from the newly opened Olympic Tower, which stands on Fifth Avenue, across the street from St. Patrick's Cathedral and Rockefeller Center. As a new and superluxurious apartment building, where at the time of its completion the cost of a flat ran from $165,000 to $260,000, Olympic Tower rises only 4 blocks from the elegant old block-square Marguery, on Park Avenue, which was torn down in the Fifties to make room for yet another midtown office building. Now, midtown apartment buildings are coming back and in even grander style, and Americans are learning what Parisians and Londoners have known all along—that it is both convenient and entertaining to live in midcity, which remains alive around the clock. Corporations too are finding it pleasurable as well as profitable to do business in headquarters located in New York. Citicorp created a sensation with its unusual midtown New York building, which opened last year complete with a tree-shaded indoor plaza ringed with shops and restaurants as well as a jewel of a church. A.T.T. and IBM have recently announced dramatic new corporate headquarters in architecturally exciting buildings in midtown Manhattan.

Joe Azzara



Citicorp Center, New York—"Main Street refused to die."

THE RETURN TO DOWNTOWN is no New York phenomenon. The much maligned, supposedly hexed Bellevue Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia is being completely redone. Philadelphia's old Warwick Hotel has been reincarnated in great luxury. In downtown Kansas City, the old Hotel Muehlebach, where Harry Truman often played the piano in the presidential suite, has been revived and redone by Radisson Hotels, who run it for The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. Nearly ready for the wrecker's ball when it was taken over, the Muehlebach stands adjacent to Bartle Hall, Kansas City's new convention center, with which it is connected by underground passage. Curiously, the Muehlebach was ready for the G.O.P. convention of 1976, but Bartle Hall was not completed in time, and the delegates were forced to meet in an auditorium near the stockyards.

Radisson, which hopes to restore the old Willard in Washington and the Peabody in Memphis, undertook the facelifting of the old Book Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, a five-minute cab ride from Renaissance Center, where the new Detroit Plaza is run by Western International Hotels. Western, among many other properties, also operates the 730-room hotel in Kansas City's Crown Center, a complex opposite Union Station that embraces the Hallmark greeting card company and includes a nest of shops, restaurants, Hallmark offices, and apartments. A second hotel is being added mainly to support the convention business so vital to the city's needs. Crown Center was the first urban revitalization project to be initiated close to a downtown area and was a primary force in turning Kansas City's retail, entertainment, hotel, office, and even residential business back toward the center city.

Los Angeles, which never really had a downtown, has poured out over $1 billion in the last 15 years to create a district that reflects the proper Spirit of Tomorrow that is endemic to southern California. It now has 22.5-million square feet of floor space that is calculated to be more than the working area of eight Empire State buildings.

A stunning cultural center, gleaming new office buildings, a civic heartland, four unusual hotels, and teeming streetscapes tinted with colorful ethnic overtones are all within this Angeleno downtown, now interconnected by a minibus system. Soon downtown will have a people mover

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that will be able to convey citizens from the old Union Station, where moguls and movie stars once boarded The Chief and The Super Chief for the hegira across the continent, to that other metropolis of the east, Little Tokyo, which has its own gleaming 21-story hotel, or to the *Los Angeles Times* or to Grand Central Market, where 30,000 people a day jostle each other to pick among the piles of hot peppers, the California dates and figs, the bags of trimmed cactus leaves preferred by displaced Mexicans. Here Don Pepe's Loncheria, a Mexican tortilla station, frantically dishes up tacos as a Chinese café rushes to fill short orders of won ton and egg roll. Chinatown is part of the L.A. downtown too. And a passerby is hard put to choose between the Canton Deli, the Chinese Deli, and Man Wah's Supermarket.

The L.A. downtown is the hub of the city's government, its financial center, and its press. But the great success of the music center complex really put it over, for that cultural conglomerate can offer a mix of theater, dance, and drama with its collection of auditoriums—the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the Ahmanson Theater, and the Mark Taper Forum. There has been talk of adding even a fourth auditorium, providing yet another attraction to those who come to meetings in its new convention hall and stay in its new or newly redone sparkling downtown hotels.

In 1971, Western International Hotels came to Houston to operate the hotel at City Post Oak, a suburban center with everything from branches of Sakowitz and Neiman-Marcus to an indoor skating rink. It now operates a second hotel in the same outpost, which is five miles from the city.

But today's news is that Gerald Hines, who built the Galleria, the centerpiece of City Post Oak, is deeply involved with downtown Houston. Backed by Prudential Life, Hines is constructing a 55-story downtown skyscraper to be called First International Plaza. The Hines office was announcing it as the tallest building in Houston when plans were revealed for an even larger building to be designed by I. M. Pei and built by Hines on a site catercorner from Hines's Pennzoil Place, which in 1976 was blessed by *The New York Times* as the Building of the Year.

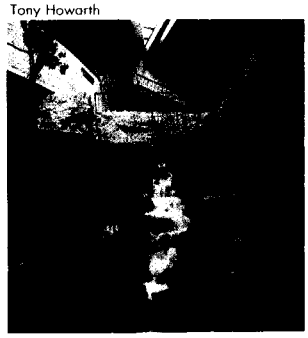
The newest downtown Houston skyscraper will rise across the street from Jones Hall, the home of the Houston Symphony, the Houston Grand Opera, and the Houston Ballet. A step away is the Alley Theater, with two stages and a movie theater. If plans go as intended, a Philip Johnson-designed Lyric Theater will rise across the street from the Albert Thomas Convention and Exhibition Center.

Prudential, through its subsidiary, PIC Realty, joined in the ownership of the Hyatt Regency Hotel, built three years ago on a site that will adjoin First International Plaza. PIC also has an ownership position in the Holiday Inn Downtown. In Houston, downtown is where it's at, and the powerful, well-oiled money machine is putting its funding into downtown development.

What has caused this monumental renaissance that has given new life to cities like Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Detroit, Hartford, Atlanta, Birmingham, and a dozen other cities?

The reasons are manifold and often complicated, differing from city to city, but the underlying reasons can be traced to the disenchantment with the suburbs on the part of individuals who began a massive diaspora from urban centers to the country in the years following World War II and on the part of large corporations who followed them there. The turnaround evolved not only with disenchantment but with the realization that the real marketplaces lay not in the suburban green fields but in the inner cities. Convention business turned upward and so did city tourism. Along with those economic changes came the social comprehension that marketplaces are symbolic of people's need to congregate.

Tony Howarth



Kansas City's Crown Center—"back toward the center city."

"DOWNTOWN IS A SENSE of sensuality of place," says Joseph Baum, president of Inhilco, the Hilton subsidiary that developed the huge restaurant facilities of New York's World Trade Center. "It means that sense of sidewalk, of street life, of streetscape." Baum, who owns a country home in a New York exurb, tells of the many times he has asked his father to visit him there, only to get the same response from the older man: "Me, come to the country? Are you crazy? Where is there to walk?"

Where is there to walk?—a sense of missing streetscape sums up the disillusionment with the suburbs that is bringing new life to downtown. Miserable commutation service, especially by Conrail along the northeastern corridor, has disaffected many suburbanites. High taxes not only are causing public revolts, as in California, but are inviting those who face hugely increased assessments to cast covetous new looks at life in the city. By state law, real estate assessments in New York's communities must now be pegged at full market value and be updated every year, a ruling that in many cases will cause enormous jumps in yearly liens. In the East and Midwest, the increase in the price of oil has in 10 years nearly trebled the cost of heating a home.

As Lewis Mumford has recorded in *The City in History*, "The town housewife who half a century ago knew her butcher, her grocer, her dairyman,...as individual persons... now has the benefit of a single weekly expedition to an impersonal supermarket, where only by accident is she likely to encounter a neighbor."

In *We, the Lonely People*, Ralph Keyes, onetime assistant to the editor at *Newsday*, the Long Island newspaper, confesses, "I spent a lot of our two years on Long Island feeling sorry for its residents—like myself. In all that time I can't remember ever meeting anyone by accident. Or having a place to hang out, a store within walking distance. The suburbs are simply not designed for congregation." One suburbanite, he says, having lived in a subdivision for more than a decade, never saw three people together without wondering whether a disaster had just occurred.

"The cost of this detachment in space from other men," says Mumford, "is out of all proportion to its supposed benefits. The end product is an encapsulated life, spent more and more either in a motor car or within the cabin of darkness before a television set....

"Suburbia offers poor facilities for meeting, conversation, collective debate, and common action—it favors silent conformity, not rebellion or counterattack."

In *Democracy in America*, De Tocqueville, in surveying this new form of American democratic government, mused on the novel features under which despotism may appear in the world. What he perceives, he said, "is an uncountable number of men, all equal and alike, incessantly endeavoring to produce the petty and paltry pleasures with which they glut their lives. Each of them living apart is a stranger to the fate of all the rest—his children and his private friends constitute to him the whole of mankind.... He exists but in himself and for himself alone; and if his kindred still remain to him, he may be said at any rate to have lost his country."

What DeTocqueville foresaw is the mood of suburban life. It is this apartness, this solitudinous selfishness, Mumford believes, that has caused whole nations to submit to what he calls "totalitarian compulsion."

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"The expansion of our technology only quickens the pace of this change," Mumford says. "What is left if no countermovement takes place will not be worth saving. For when the container changes as rapidly as its contents, nothing in fact can be saved."

It is this sense of disillusionment together with a growing sense of nostalgia and a renewed sense of history—this countermovement, in Mumford's terms—that has caused a reverse gravitation to downtown. There has been a burgeoning sense of a need of being together, of honing the senses by rubbing shoulders in a crowd; the need of historic identity; the revulsion against regimentation; the ultimate realization of the values that exist in the preservation of one's past.

The Image Bank

Bonaventure, Los Angeles—"glistening Star Wars fantasy."

THERE IS NO HARD DATA on the movement from city to suburb or the return from suburb to city, according to Richard Forstall of the Census Bureau. Moving into loft space in SoHo and Tribeca and other parts of Lower Manhattan constitutes a real movement, but the surveys of the past few years seem to indicate that these tenants are city dwellers who have recently married or are living together. They live in the city not only because of the excitement and challenge of urban life spurred by the adjacency of the arts but also because of the escalation in the cost of housing everywhere.

A house in New York's suburban Westchester County that cost $90,000 less than 10 years ago commands $150,000 today; the cost of houses in the Maryland suburbs of Washington have doubled over the last decade; and hardest to believe, an $85,000 home in suburban Honolulu circa 1963 would not change hands now for less than a quarter of a million dollars.

Housing in the city costs less than that in the suburbs. In rental apartments, there are no huge heating bills to pay, no homeowners' insurance premiums, no repairs to leaking roofs, no commutation ticket to buy each month, and no need to own a car. Says Preston Robert Tisch, president of Loews Corporation, "We have a different generation of young people. In many cases, both of them are working. The only way young people can get along today is if there are two salaries coming in. Having children is not uppermost in their minds as it was when I got married thirty years ago. Two people who don't have children and who are working are not going to commute. They say, 'Why don't we live in a downtown area where we can enjoy life and get the best out of the city?'"

The reverse migration into the city and the decision of young people to live near the bright lights and the action have coincided with the expansion of companies doing business in the city. New York had about 250-million square feet of office space, about 10 percent of which was vacant. Within a year, that vacancy factor has dropped to 6 percent. Any company needing large space would have either to build its own building or seek some of the 20 percent of the floor space still to be rented in the World Trade Center.

Harry Helmsley, New York's biggest realtor, with 50,000 apartments as well as assorted hotels and office buildings, says flatly, "There are no apartments available in the city. There are just none. What's more, the co-op market has doubled within the year."

The sparkle of the city, with all its offerings of theater, music, and a myriad of restaurants of assorted nationalities, has also caught the eye of the exploding convention market. New York, which is entertaining a million more convention visitors in 1978 than it did in 1967, has seen its revenue from conventioneers double to nearly $600 million this year. Chicago, one of the nation's biggest convention cities, tabulated $509 million spent by trade-show and convention delegates in 1977, up from $207 million in 1967. Los Angeles, relatively new to the convention trade, booked 216 meetings in 1977, its finest year, and entertained nearly half a million delegates who left over $100 million in the city.

Promotion played a large part in the successes. The Big Apple campaign that caught on in New York is not new; it is fifty years old. To musicians and exponents of the jazz world, The Big Apple meant The Big Time. The idea was resurrected with enormous success by Charles Gillett, head of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau. It has even affected the New Yorker himself. Over 1,000 products from ties to tablecloths are now being marketed with the slogan. On the West Coast, Los Angeles has borrowed a mutation, calling itself The Big Orange.

In a colorful multimedia show, Los Angeles sells its downtown as The Big Orange, a prospective place for corporations to hold their conventions. Just a year ago, Los Angeles opened a glistening *Star Wars* fantasy called the Bonaventure, a Western International Hotel built by Atlanta's showy architect, John Portman. A cluster of five cylindrical reflecting glass towers, the Bonaventure encloses 1,500 rooms connected with terra firma by a battery of lighted glass elevators. It has 150 suites, including the top floors of two of the outer glass towers, grand enough to satisfy movie queen, pampered sheikh, or corporation president.

The Bonaventure is a straight pitch at L.A.'s awakening to the convention business. Downtown can now offer, as well, a Hyatt Regency; the redone Los Angeles Biltmore, which first opened in 1923; and a glistening tower of the New Otani, a branch of the Japanese hotel now doing business a few blocks away on the streets of Little Tokyo.

George Hall

Crystal Court, Minneapolis—"excitement and challenge."

NEW LOW AIR FARES, new sights to see, and the devaluation of the dollar, which makes American cities attractive to foreign visitors, have set off a boom in just plain city tourism. Broadway is rollicking through one of its best seasons in memory. Department stores, once so eager to set up subsidiary shop in the suburbs are, as *Business Week* reported, "socking millions of dollars into long overdue renovations and rebuilding." In Boston, a spokesman for Filene's turned up a new philosophy by stating, "You can build all the branches you want, but you are only as good as your main store." In the same city, Jordan Marsh put $35 million into a major make-over. Strawbridge and Clothier in Philadelphia created a giant downtown shopping mall. So did Eaton's in Toronto. On New York's Fifth Avenue, both Bonwit Teller and Lord and Taylor refashioned their stores, as did Macy's, on Herald Square.

Cincinnati gave its downtown a spurt when it elected to build Riverfront Stadium, its new home for the championship Reds, a few blocks from the center of downtown. Hyatt's huge casern in New Orleans is within walking distance of the Superdome, and last winter, at Super Bowl time, the hotel stationed mobile bars along the route of march of the ticket holders.

It takes the density of the metropolis with its constant flow

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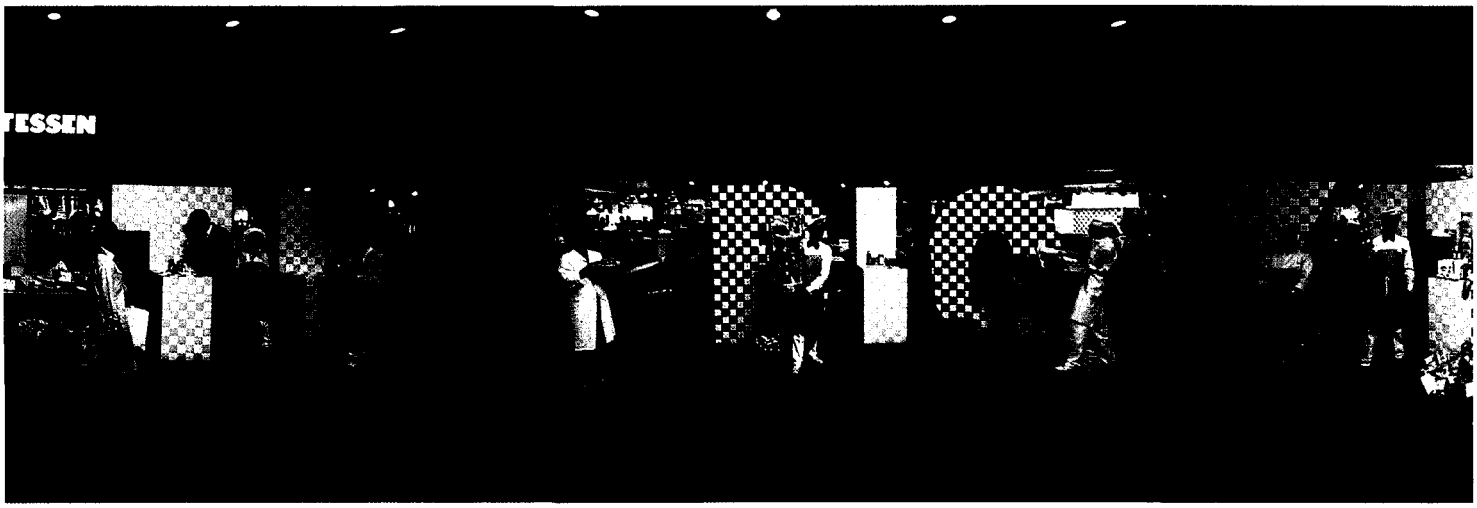

Market Square, in New York's World Trade Center—"Baum [seated inside the E]created a modern version of the cityscape indoors...

of travelers and its own concentration of population to support cultural programs. Washington woke up to that when the Kennedy Center set off a whole upturn in events. Theater, music, and marvelous museums have made the nation's capital an acculturated city that glows with excitement. As Alan Jay Lerner, the celebrated lyricist and librettist, says, "What the arts require, the city possesses: an audience."

George Hall

Hyatt Regency, Atlanta—"What caused this renaissance?"

SO MARKED HAD BEEN the return of the city that it made news this summer when the Singer Company announced it was leaving New York for Stamford, Connecticut. Although 30 large companies had quit New York in the dismal years from 1970 to 1975, only eight have left since then, and a dozen have moved back—among them Avis, United Brands, Helena Rubinstein, Crown Zellerbach, and Coca Cola. In the suburbs, big corporations have found themselves living an incestuous life, with the marketing director lunching with the advertising director and nobody within reach of anybody possessed of a new idea.

Said a spokesman for Avis, which moved last fall from the tranquillity of Garden City, an early planned community on Long Island, to a headquarters site in mid-Manhattan, "The executives felt that New York is the hub of the commercial world and that Avis should be where the business is. A number of companies wouldn't want to come out and see us when our offices were in Garden City. Our executives were spending a lot of hours commuting to meetings in New York, wasting time in transit."

Many companies have conducted research to determine what a move out of the city might mean, deciding in the final analysis to remain. Among them are such powerful combines as Philip Morris, Pan Am, Mobil, McGraw-Hill, and American Express. Explains Harold McGraw, Jr., chief executive officer of McGraw-Hill, magazine and book publishers, "Our principal assets are not plants and machinery—they're editors, writers, artists, and financial and marketing experts. They're the people who make our books outstanding. And they're here in New York. They thrive on the city's cultural atmosphere."

Trying to decide whether to stay or go, American Express drew up a list of priorities to help determine if the company should depart New York, move 6,000 jobs and a payroll of $80 million a year, and reestablish itself in some suburban community. It finally gave up corporate dreams of Connecticut and in June of 1974 announced the decision to stay in New York. Says James D. Robinson III, chairman of American Express, "We're a financial service business for people who travel. This makes us heavy advertisers, so New York is ideal for us. Many of our important customers are here—hotels, car rental agencies, airlines, theaters, restaurants, and retail stores. We need a lot of service of very high quality. It's here. If you can't find it in New York, I doubt if it exists anywhere."

American Express bought a 40-story building in Lower Manhattan's financial district, one of the most exciting growth areas of any downtown anywhere, and occupied it in November of 1976. The American Express building joined with that of David Rockefeller, who decided in the early Sixties to locate the headquarters of Chase Manhattan Bank in the art-filled glass and aluminum tower that became Number 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza. The real estate developers who followed, in the words of Paul Goldberger, architecture critic of *The New York Times*, "plundered the neighborhood's stock of three- and four-story nineteenth-century buildings in a ruthless drive for more space."

One of the grossest offenders was the mammoth World Trade Center, which swept away blocks of small markets and gave back a concrete plaza and two huge hulks that impress by size and bulk alone. What saved the center and helped to bring a new esprit to downtown is the concourse for here in this cavern underground, the subways from uptown and midtown converge with the trains from New Jersey, spilling a mass of humanity into this enclosed neighborhood of shops, restaurants, and plazas.

Warmth and spirit were infused into this enclosed mass—this streetscape brought indoors—by Inhilco's Joseph Baum. Baum brought global attention to the World Trade Center with Windows on the World, that glassed-in extravaganza on the 107th floor of the North Tower. Getting a table there became the hottest ticket in town, with banks of reservation clerks answering phones and a wait for a seat often running into weeks.

With Windows established and going downtown for lunch or dinner becoming a sort of smart thing to do, Baum turned to his major undertaking, Market Square, on the concourse level. For one thing, the center occupies the very site of the

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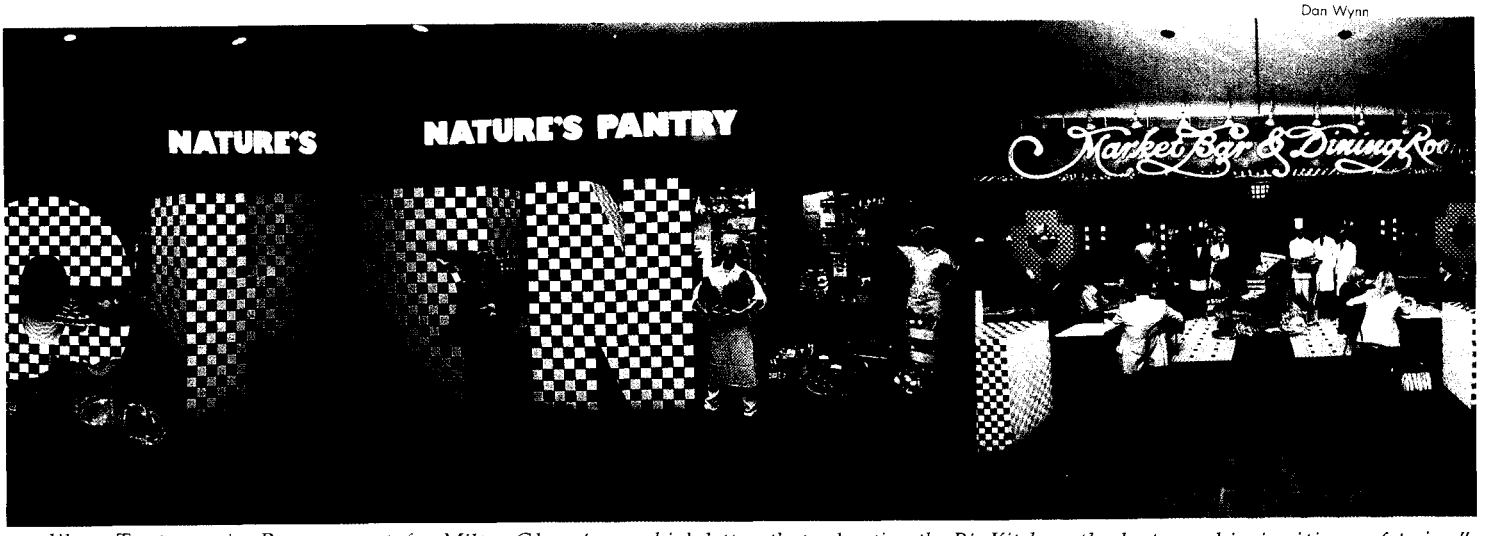
Dan Wynn



like a Trastevere in Rome, except for Milton Glaser's man-high letters that advertise the Big Kitchen, the last word in inviting cafeterias."

old Washington Square Market. Its entrance on Vesey Street was the locale of the old Buttermilk Market. Carts around Washington Market once sold oysters on the half shell and baked potatoes, called mickeys in street talk.

Baum created a modern version of this cityscape indoors. Greengrocers sell fruits and vegetables from open boxes. Café tables in the very center of the plaza are placed there for people who would buy breakfast, lunch, afternoon coffee, or dinner and bring it there to eat while watching the passing scene. In this sense, it is rather like a covered Trastevere in Rome, except for Milton Glaser's giant, checkered, man-high letters that advertise The Big Kitchen, the last word in bright, inviting cafeterias, where assorted counters sell oysters, clams, sausages, sodas, breads, and splendid pure-beef hamburgers, each served on a home-baked kaiser roll.

The Image Bank

Faneuil Hall, Boston's Quincy Market—"dynamic."

MUCH OF THE ENERGETIC thrust displayed by inner cities has come from HUD's action grants, which are providing $400 million annually until 1980 for the development of city-center projects. The grants are predicated on need and are contingent on matching funds from the private sector. Cities receiving the largest grants include Toledo, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston, South Bend, and Cleveland. HUD has approved about half of the requests for grants that come from 85 cities. The allocated funds will finance 50 assorted construction projects, among them convention centers and hotels.

Housing and Urban Development secretary Patricia Harris has admitted that grants to hotels have evoked controversy inside the government. But hotels are being equated unfairly, she said, with "luxury" (and perhaps with the three-martini-lunch syndrome), when in fact hotels serve as anchors for city centers.

Talking to *Meeting and Conventions*, a spirited trade publication, Joseph Kordsmeier, vice-president of sales and marketing in the Hyatt Corporation, emphasized the stabilizing effect hotels have on neighborhoods. "Hotels do upgrade the areas in which they are built. We have been involved in sprucing up urban areas that were labeled 'blighted.' Our Los Angeles hotel has created new activity in the area, and our involvement in community affairs has more than paid off in San Francisco, where the formerly run-down Embarcadero Center area is now one of the most vibrant parts of the city."

One Sunday last winter, the day after one of the worst snowstorms in New England's history, Boston's dynamic Quincy Market, a rebuilt shopping and restaurant complex in the heart of downtown, was a mass of throbbing humanity. Revived after it was first dedicated 100 years ago, Quincy Market has turned downtown Boston into *the* place to be. It was impossible, even on a snowy Sunday, to find a vacant chair or table in the rotunda that marks the center of long colonnaded hall that is lined with all manner of eateries. So large was the crowd at Quincy Market that despite the weather, Right to Lifers chose this location for a Sunday demonstration, inspiring an immediate countereffort by pro-abortionists. Issues as well as bazaars are turning downtown into the American agora.

This summer, Houston's historic Rice Hotel, built in 1913 on the site of the capitol of the Republic of Texas, was bought by a Houston company that specializes in restoration and management. It will spend $10 million to turn the Rice into an apartment-hotel complex—downtown.

In Lower Manhattan, the only four-sided eighteenth-century block, which includes Fraunces Tavern, where Washington said good-bye to his officers, is being restored with outdoor cafés, a pedestrian mall, and 44 apartments. Over 120 apartments are now renting at the complex called 130 Water Street, south of the financial district.

Says Ada Louise Huxtable, long the architecture critic of *The New York Times* and now a member of its editorial board, "Declared dead, Main Street refused to die.... What has been rediscovered is the streetscape or the quality of the street environment and the building it comprises. What is valued again is history or a sense of identity and place and architecture, an essential component of both."

What has been rediscovered too is that we cannot truly escape the human need for other people.

Across the nation, suburban exiles are coming home to The Big Apple, The Big Orange, and many other metropolises in between. To O. Henry, the big-city storyteller born William Sidney Porter, in Greensborough, North Carolina, New York was Baghdad on the Subway. Said he, "The city is like a mother's knee to many who have strayed far and found the roads rough beneath their uncertain feet. At dusk they come home and sit upon the doorstep."

It is dusk, many have strayed far, but mother beckons and the wayfarers are on the way back. ◉

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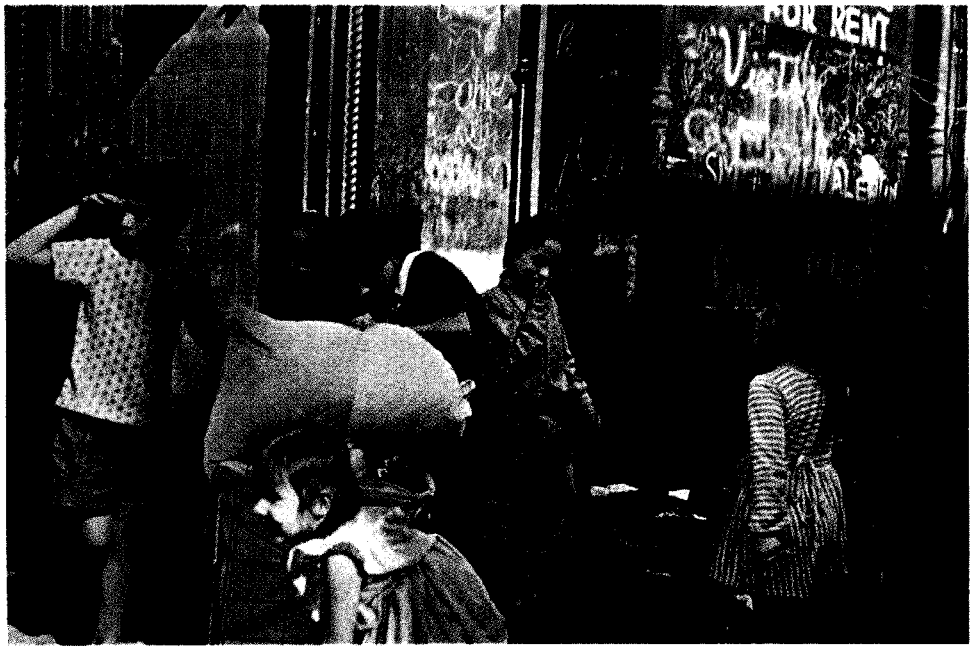
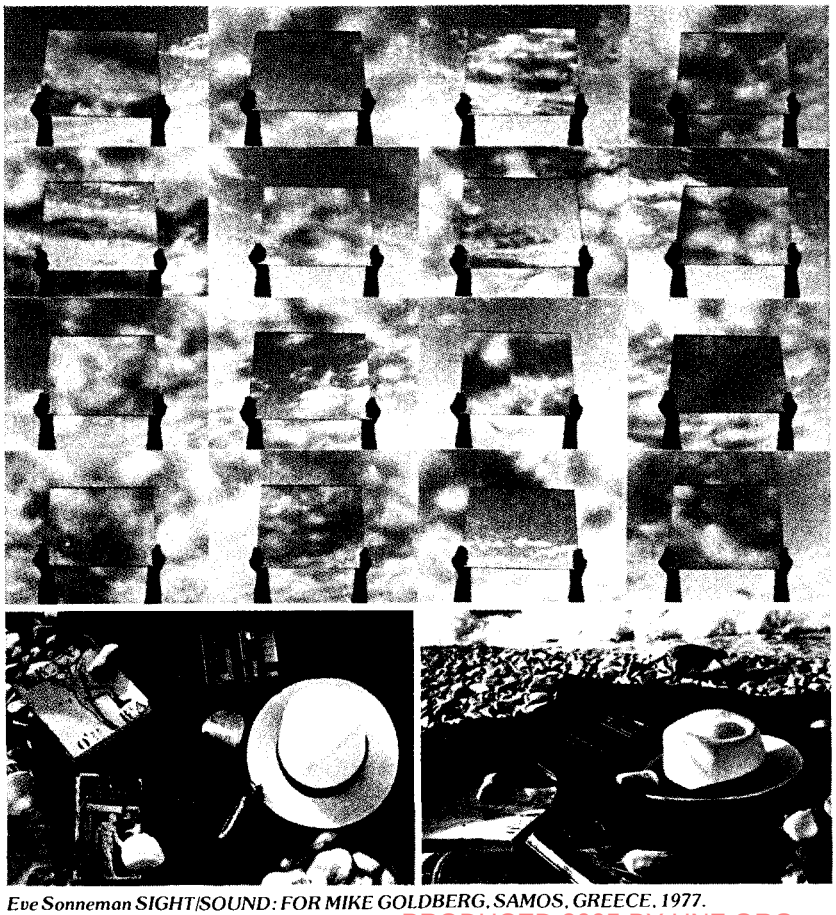
Some people
Some see

Helen Levitt UNTITLED, 1972-74.



William Eggleston MEMPHIS, c. 1971.

Gary Beydler TWENTY MINUTES IN APRIL, 1976.



Eve Sonneman SIGHT/SOUND: FOR MIKE GOLDBERG, SAMOS, GREECE, 1977.

Joel Meyerowitz UNTITLED, 1976.

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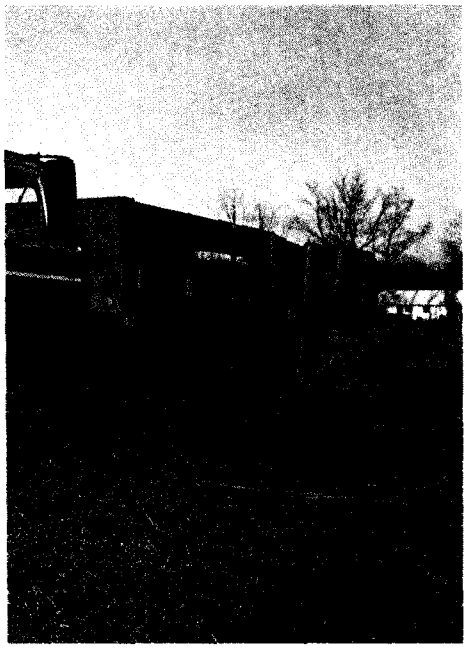
see the dream.
the reality.



Snapshots. And posed shots. Pictures you can get lost in. And pictures you can find yourself in. We invite you to discover them for yourself in a stunning exhibition titled "Mirrors and Windows: American Photography Since 1960." It opens July 28th at The Museum of Modern Art and at other museums on the dates listed below.

We think you'll find, as in those at the left, not merely some evocation of the dreams and realities of the 60's and early 70's but something timeless and personal. Not merely what the photographer has seen, but what each of us sees for himself.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition, and why we think you'll find it rewarding. In our businesses and our lives, we need to see both the dream and the reality, and to discover something of each in everything we see. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things—and of the continuing need for individual insight—is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

If your company would like to know more about corporate sponsorship of art, write Joseph F. Cullman 3rd, Chairman of the Board, Philip Morris Incorporated, 100 Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

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"Mirrors and Windows: American Photography Since 1960" appears at The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y., NY July 28 to Oct. 2, 1978; Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, OH Nov. 13, 1978 to Jan. 1, 1979; Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN Jan. 29 to March 11, 1979; J.B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, KY Apr. 1 to May 15, 1979; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, CA June 7 to July 29, 1979; Krannert Art Museum, University of Illinois, Champaign, IL Aug. 19 to Sept. 23, 1979; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, VA Nov. 12 to Dec. 23, 1979; Milwaukee Art Center, Milwaukee, WI Jan. 10 to March 2, 1980. The exhibition is made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and Philip Morris Incorporated.

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What a man serves is often a reflection of the man.

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SPORTING LIFE

Street Sports

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

MY NEIGHBORHOOD on the Upper West Side of New York, which is about as "downtown" as you can get without living in the sewer pipes under Grand Central Terminal, has mostly what are called Small-Time sports. Indeed, when it comes to sports, you might say that Upper West Siders are the true definition of Small-Timers. This is not to imply that no one in the neighborhood follows the Yankees, Knicks, Rangers, or Mets, because we can hold our own in fanaticism for the franchised teams. By community law, every bodega on Broadway possesses a secondhand color TV set tuned in to the ball game. You can get a complete rundown of THE SCORES at any hour of the day or night as you trek in for beer or for sandwich makings. Even more than the unadorned scores, you can get a penetrating analysis of Guidry's winning streak; an incisive critique of the Knicks' backcourt problems; the names of six sure winners on tomorrow's OTB card.

What I mean by the Small-Time is that our participation sports—the games we actually play as opposed to the ones beamed at us from the stadiums and arenas—tend to be rather heroic efforts at rather amateurish pastimes. To be honest, we're not even so hot at these endeavors. Handball; stickball; volleyball; basketball; softball; a bit of soccer, tennis, and racquetball; and a lot of jogging, bicycling, and skateboarding are what we do in the summer. Few sports are played at the behest of parents, coaches, program organizers, promoters, or other Big-Time types. We play mostly for the fun, the relaxation, and the competition—the exception being basketball, which is the sport of serious neighborhood social climbers.

In a way, the Upper West Side had the Small-Time thrust upon it because its space is so limited. The neighborhood is bounded on the east by Central Park and on the west by Riverside Park, providing the grounds, you might think, for most reasonable athletic pursuits. But the heart of the neighborhood, a vast and pounding urban canyon running north between the greenswards, is not what I'd call a prime example of American pastoral life. The sports have to be adapted to the streets and to our indestructible

playgrounds, constructed of asphalt and heavy metal. Thus the neighborhood has never produced a Big-Time golfer, for example, because where in the name of Lucifer would he practice? Can you imagine the young Nicklaus crying "Fore!" across Amsterdam Avenue, with tractor trailers breathing down his neck and potholes swallowing his approach shots?

Likewise, I'm afraid this neighborhood spawns no yachtsmen, slalom skiers, mountaineers, or fox hunters. All of these require special conditions that most Upper West Siders would consider an unconscionable waste of valuable real estate. Has a great roaming outfielder ever risen from our midst? I doubt it. A champion quarterback? Probably not. And I'd be very surprised to learn that a single distance-swimmer grew up here in recent years. For although the Hudson River runs for miles down our western flank, any neighborhood denizen will tell you that sticking so much as a toe in the Hudson's zinc-colored waters will result in instantaneous brain damage. So unsavory is the river that according to an oft repeated West Side joke, "Even the gefilte fish have migrated."

Perhaps because we are confined to sports best pursued on curbstones and in asphalt nooks, the Small-Timers know how to turn handicaps to advantage—the key to life on Manhattan Island. In sports, as in all other activities, crowding only encourages the rugged, argumentative streak flowing in our urban blood. Just this past year, there was nearly a riot when the keeper of the local tennis courts dared to close them 15 minutes early on Labor Day. Infuriated players backed the man into his concrete shed and told him plainly that he had no right to leave and that it said as much in both English and Spanish right there on our New York City tennis permits.

"S'madda, cancha read?" shouted a bearded fellow, brandishing his racket in a menacing manner over the wire-mesh window where the poor keeper's eyes bulged in terror. "Says right here: COURTS CLOSE AT SUNSET." In the end, of course, the keeper relented, and partners were allowed to finish savoring the last set of the long, hot summer, with all its bittersweet sense of loss. But while you can always count on a bureaucrat's submission, compromise is not always possible when one Small-Timer faces another on the field of battle. The impromptu soccer games in Riverside Park that draw heavily from the numerous Latins, Africans, Europeans, and Asians in the neighborhood have been known to degenerate into insult-hurling contests that rival any midnight U. N. Security Council session.

As for native persistence, on 107th Street there's a handball game played against a wall clearly marked NO BALL-PLAYING that goes on in shifts from June, when the public schools let their inmates out for summer vacation, until late September, when classes resume, and from ten in the morning until two or three the next morning without letup. Dogs are run over in the street; perverts expose themselves in apartment windows; Rafael Rodriguez, twenty-five, collects five years for assaulting Jorge Rodriguez—no relation—with a switchblade, but that handball game keeps moving right along, as if it were being played in the air-conditioned tranquillity of the Superdome.

UPPER WEST SIDE children almost always play handball and racquetball in boy-girl pairs, usually accompanied by pervasive disco music from stereo tape

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decks. The games now are more courting rituals than were the deadly confrontations of bygone years, when Jewish and Italian kids smashed unreturnable "killers" and the Big-Time meant playing four-wall handball at City College. The West Side has its share of former City handball aces. They used to play at the YMCA until, as one ace explains, "Raskin dropped dead of a heart attack right there on the court. So we all stopped playing." The kids today often play the sidewalk version of racquetball, in which the ball can bounce before hitting the wall. This reduces traffic incidents resulting from stray shots. But a thirteen-year-old on 107th Street tells me, "Only little creeps play on a bounce—hey, I'm serious, man." So, it seems, even the Small Time has its unyielding categories of excellence.

It should also be noted that the Small-Time runs on the proverb "Play faster, we need the court." Almost all sports here are under strict time pressures, either from people waiting to play or from the general mad pace of city life. One hallmark of the West Side athlete is that he or she manages to swim, run, or compete in a regular team game while also working 16 hours a day, nursing along a Great American Novel, carrying on love affairs, and going into the third year of psychoanalysis. Perhaps it's a sense of someone gaining on us from behind that accounts for the fact that so many of our sports are thinly disguised modes of transportation—jogging, bicycling, and skateboarding.

Of these three locomotive sports, bicycling might actually have a chance of becoming the mass conveyance the city needs—that is, if it wasn't for New York's gangs of teen-age bicycle thieves, who operate in citywide rings. The question bicyclists on the Upper West Side most often ask each other is, "What kind of lock do you have?"

The skateboarders, mostly adolescent boys, congregate at a place in Riverside Park known as the Ramp. This consists of scraps of woebegone plywood fastened together at progressively steeper inclines so that the first piece of wood is actually on the ground and the last piece, some 15 feet above it, is *vertical* to the ground. "Getting vertical"—also called getting radical—involves driving toward the Ramp at full speed and scaling the incline in a surfer's crouch position until the skateboarder is heading straight up like a missile at takeoff. At the top of the Ramp, he executes a 180-degree "kickflip" and comes hurtling down the other way.

It takes two or three years of constant practice to get really radical, but our boys put out the effort with tremendous devotion, customizing their boards the way kids used to build soap box derby racers. When they're not testing their skill and balance on the Ramp, they're recklessly "tick tacking" through "slalom" courses marked off with beer cans.

"Yeah, that's dangerous," admits Noah Southall, a fetching spokeslad turned out in a brushed Afro and a powder-blue warm-up suit. "But it's fun, we enjoy it, and it's challenging. Out of forty kids in my class, I'd say twenty-five have skateboards and about eight are really good. We're trying to get skateboarding into the 1980 Olympics as an event. But right now, see, we have to start here. Like in California, they have public skateboard parks where the kids can ride huge pipes and tubes. Pipes and tubes are the best way to get radical. I wiped out plenty of times, but that was mostly before I knew what I was doing. I still

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get plenty of scrapes and bruises, but no broken bones so far. My mother, she just says, 'Be careful.'"

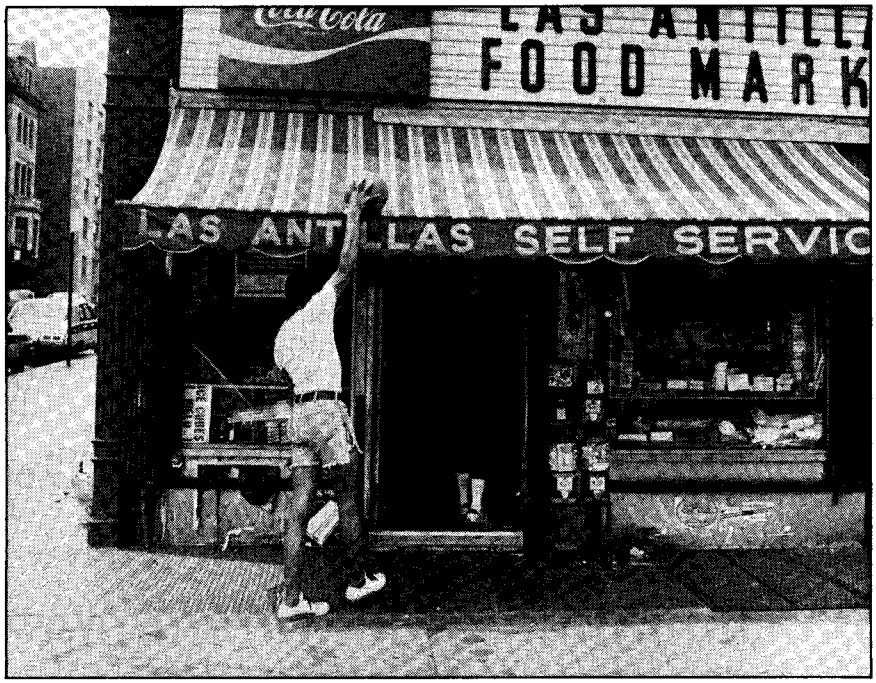
"He'll break his leg," butts in an elderly gent, watching the skateboarders from the park bench sidelines near the Ramp. "You'll see, he'll break his leg; it's only a matter of time." In the Small-Time, we also have our critics.

Certainly the outstanding sporting type in our neighborhood is the basketball Whiz, knight-errant of the playgrounds. The obsession of every Small-Time Whiz is to shoot his way into the pros, but the competition is utterly fierce. If there are, say, 200 rims in the vicinity, each one will have hanging out under it a kid who by his sixteenth birthday can do almost everything Julius Erving does. The playground Whiz plays basketball relentlessly, morning till night, day after day, in summer as well as in winter, year in, year out. He may leave the court after a typical session having scored 300 or 400 points. He develops an endurance that makes Tarzan look whimpy.

After the other guys go home for dinner—or, more likely, off to their girl friends' houses—the Whiz sticks around to work on his jump shot. He practices his moves like a figure skater, instinctively aware that to make the Big-Time requires not just talent but also entertainment ability—a shtick! Whizzes develop moves like you've never seen—triple pumps, stutter steps, reverse-slam dunks, behind the back lay-ups. They can put the ball up

a hundred different ways, and they're not bashful when it comes to going for the hoop.

If too many Whizzes play on the same court, the result can be a dreadful combination of 10 simultaneous one-on-one games. For this reason, basketball Whizzes tend to spread themselves over the neighborhood. But once a Whiz has found his turf, he sticks to it; that playground becomes, in a sense, his home court. The kids who play with a legitimate Whiz defer to him on his turf, paying a kind of homage to his ambition. They recognize his special talent and, I think, encourage and protect it. If a Whiz hogs the ball, he does so not out of selfishness or pride but for a greater good: money. In our neighborhood, don't forget, they call former Knick Bill Bradley "Dollar Bill."



On occasion, colleges send scouts to have a look at the Whizzes. The scouts are the personnel agents of the Big-Time. They drive LTDs and other fine cars. But out of the thousands of street kids who are good enough, maybe one will make the pros. Maybe one! A Columbia University coach says that playground rules—such as keeping the ball after you score a basket and keeping the court if you win the game—shape a Whiz into playing the game in an aggressive, driving, survival-of-the-fittest style. The "pure shooters" of the Midwest run all over our kids in the Big-Time colleges, so most Whizzes will have spent every waking hour for 10 years or more for naught. Imagine the bitterness of young lives collapsing so spectacularly—once a Whiz gets too old for the playground, he's just another nobody. Upper West Side cops say there's no one more self-destructive than a basketball Whiz who doesn't make it, easy prey for the drug pushers waiting on every playground to relieve his pain.

Yet the possibility of failure—I should say, the remote chance of success—doesn't keep a single potential basketball star at home. Why should it? This may be the Small-Time, but every New Yorker believes in his heart of hearts that he has the stuff to make the Big-Time. ◉

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Vigorous enforcement of existing jobs for steelworkers -- and for a

Fair play in steel trade:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle

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rade laws can save ot of other Americans, too.

America's existing trade laws were designed to encourage *fair* trade between our nation and others... and also to prevent damage to *any* domestic industry caused by *unfair* trade practices.

One of America's trade laws states that it's illegal for a foreign producer to sell his product in the U.S. at a price *below* his full cost of production.

That's called "dumping." And that's what foreign steel producers have been doing in recent years. "Dumping" their products in the U.S.—in order to keep their plants running, their people employed. What they do, in effect, is export their unemployment to the U.S.

But "dumping" is not just a steel industry problem. That illegal practice affects many American industries and many hundreds of thousands of workers.

One answer: enforce the existing trade laws

Free trade, yes. But *fair*. We don't think any American industry is asking for too much when it demands *fair play* here in our own country. When it asks our government for vigorous and effective enforcement of existing laws.

Trigger pricing

One attempt to achieve fair play for America's steel industry is the trigger price mechanism implemented by the Administration.

Objectives of the mechanism are (1) to monitor the prices of steel imports into the U.S. and (2) to initiate accelerated anti-dumping investigations of imports priced below the trigger price mechanism.

To be effective, the mechanism must reflect the *full* cost of the foreign producer for steel landed in the U.S. If it does not, it will not really eliminate the unfair trade practice of "dumping."

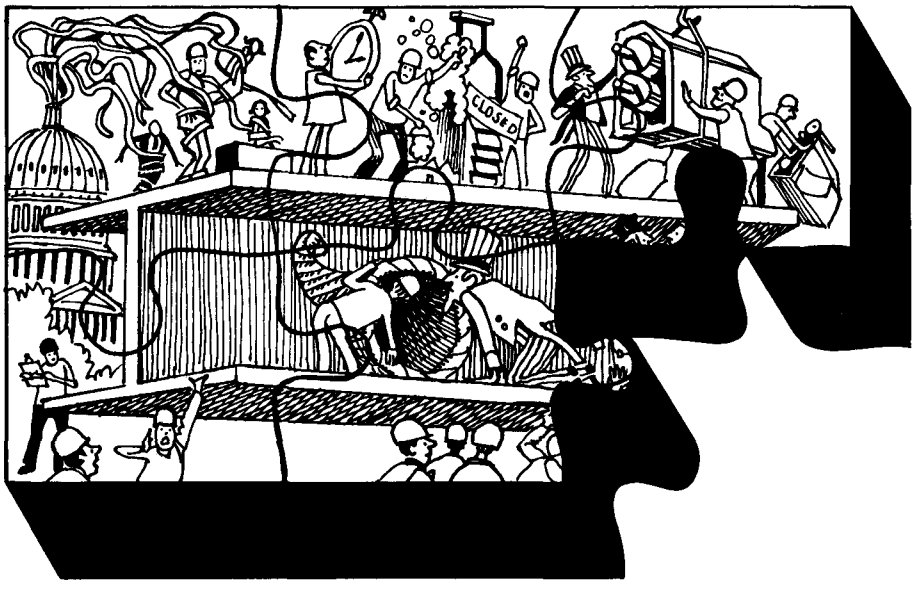
Still needed: U.S. tariffs on steel

Regardless of the ultimate impact of the trigger price mechanism, we believe that existing U.S. tariffs on steel should be retained. These tariffs are an element of moderation in the international arena for steel trade. They must be maintained until such time as fair and nondiscriminatory world trade in steel has been achieved.

Washington must help

Unfair trade practices, such as "dumping," benefit foreign products and foreign workers at the expense of our own. If you believe the U.S. government should enforce U.S. laws to stop such unfair practices, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

In search of solutions

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Critics Preview the Best of the Fall

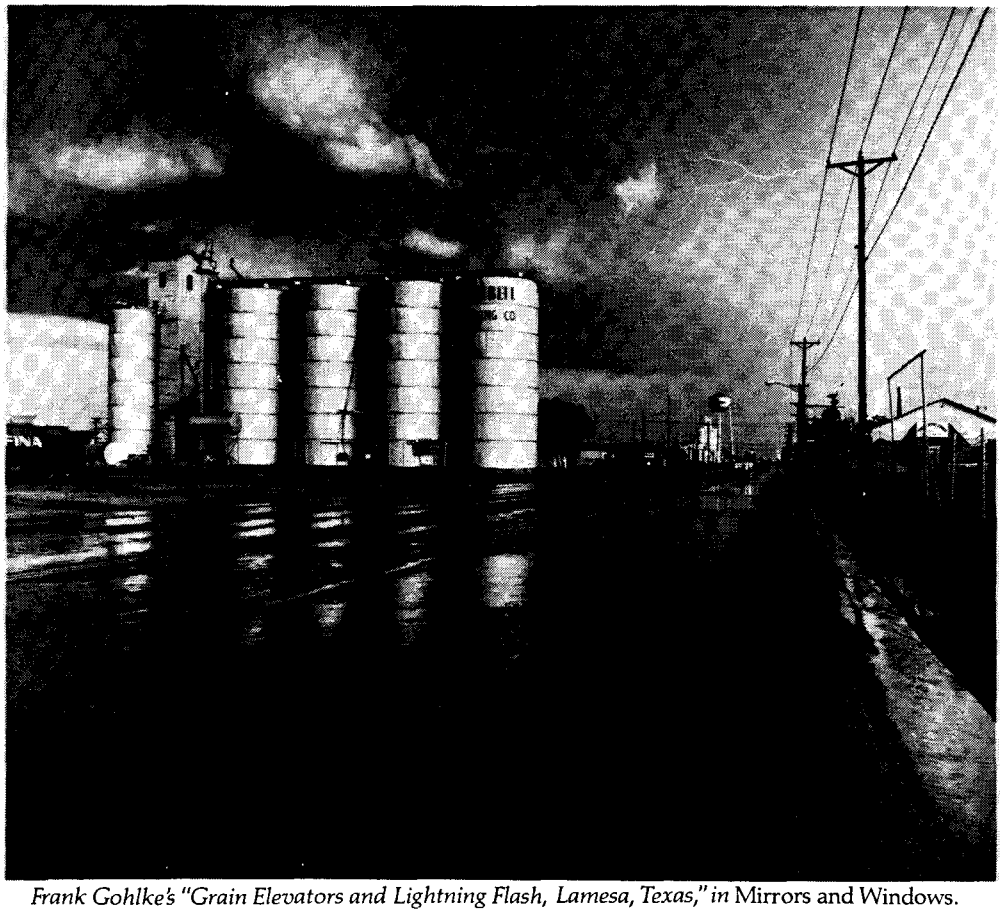
What Not to Miss

PHOTOGRAPHY

In terms of media valence, there seem to be in photography events only two sizes available: colossal and diminutive. The only measure in between is a kind of oblivion—shows neither big enough to be irresistible nor small enough to be irresistibly esoteric. Significantly, this fall will bring more colossal shows than there were a few years ago.

Without much question, the media event in the medium of photography will be a major retrospective of Richard Avedon's fashion work at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Manhattan. The exhibition will open on September 14, and on the same day Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish a stunning and alluringly eccentric book of the photographer's work (most of it from *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*). Avedon, never less than a born director general, has planned his first invasion of the Met like the landing at Normandy. In a loft across the street from his studio, he and his designer and assistants have assembled to scale a mock-up of the rooms the exhibit will occupy, with proportionately sized prints, in order to lay out a show that will have all the calculated dash of Alexey Brodovitch's once splendid *Bazaar*.

New York has another photographic bonanza this autumn with the Museum of Modern Art's "Mirrors and Windows: American Photography Since 1960," which opened on July 28 and will run until October 2. Very much a survey of the specific tastes of John Szarkowski, the show is based on the MOMA photography director's proposition that a picture is either a mirror of the photographer's sensibility projected onto his subject matter or a window through which we see the world as the artist wishes us to see it. Szarkowski's family of men and women includes Garry Winogrand, Ray Metzker, Diane Arbus, Bruce Davidson, and Lee Friedlander. After preoccupying critics and perhaps puzzling more than a few New Yorkers, "Mirrors and Windows" will travel to Cleveland, Minneapolis, Louisville, San Francisco, Champaign (Illinois), Richmond, and Milwaukee.



Frank Gohlke's "Grain Elevators and Lightning Flash, Lamesa, Texas," in Mirrors and Windows.

Formalist Ray Metzker, who will be represented in the MOMA show, will have his own exhibition at New York's International Center of Photography early in the fall. Since 1967, when he showed the highly graphic multiple compositions for which he is best known, Metzker has traveled through straight landscapes during the early Seventies and has emerged into an alluring, carefully crafted surrealism.

Whether pictures are mirrors or windows, icons or effigies, the eye is their creator. One of the great photographic eyes of our time, extinguished too early, belonged to the Englishman Tony Ray-Jones, who gave us wonderfully empathetic views of the odd syncopations among his countrymen. In January, the Art Institute of Chicago is planning to hold a one-man show of Ray-Jones's sweet and trenchant lifework. It might almost make the Chicago winter worth facing.

—OWEN EDWARDS

MUSIC

If I had the wings of an angel, the following are among the top musical events I'd be looking in on, and listening to, during the fall weeks:

The New York Philharmonic has a new music director, a change that happens only about every 10 years. Zubin Mehta begins his term in Avery Fisher Hall on September 14, with a program that includes the premiere of an oboe concerto by Samuel Barber, in which Harold Gomberg is the soloist. As a famous Broadway character used to say, "Don't miss it if you can."

It is also a Schubert year, marking the 150th anniversary of his death, in 1828, and the Philharmonic schedule includes performances of all eight symphonies. Detroit's Symphony is venturing a little wider with a "Schubert in Vienna Festival" that will include, on November 11, his seldom heard opera *Alfonso und Estrella* in a concert ver-

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sion, with Antal Dorati conducting.

Operatically, Benjamin Britten's *Billy Budd* will be blooming on both coasts: first in San Francisco on September 16, with Richard Lewis, Geraint Evans, and Dale Duesing under the direction of David Asherton; and three nights later at the Metropolitan, with Peter Pears, Richard Stillwell, and James Morris, with Raymond Leppard conducting. In a San Francisco season that will include a monster gala on Sunday, November 19, with many of the world's greatest singers participating on behalf of Kurt Herbert Adler's twenty-fifth year as the company's general director, the appearance on October 14 of Montserrat Caballe and Luciano Pavarotti in Puccini's *Tosca* is not to be taken lightly.

Assorted enticements elsewhere will include on November 29 a premiere by the Lyric Opera of Chicago of *Paradise Lost*—an adaptation by Christopher Fry of Milton's poem, done for Krzysztof Penderecki—which has been awaiting completion for several years. San Diego will have an unusual attraction at its opening on October 7 in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, with Sherill Milnes as the Dane who sings the famous "Chanson Bacchique" ("Brindisi" or "Drinking Song").

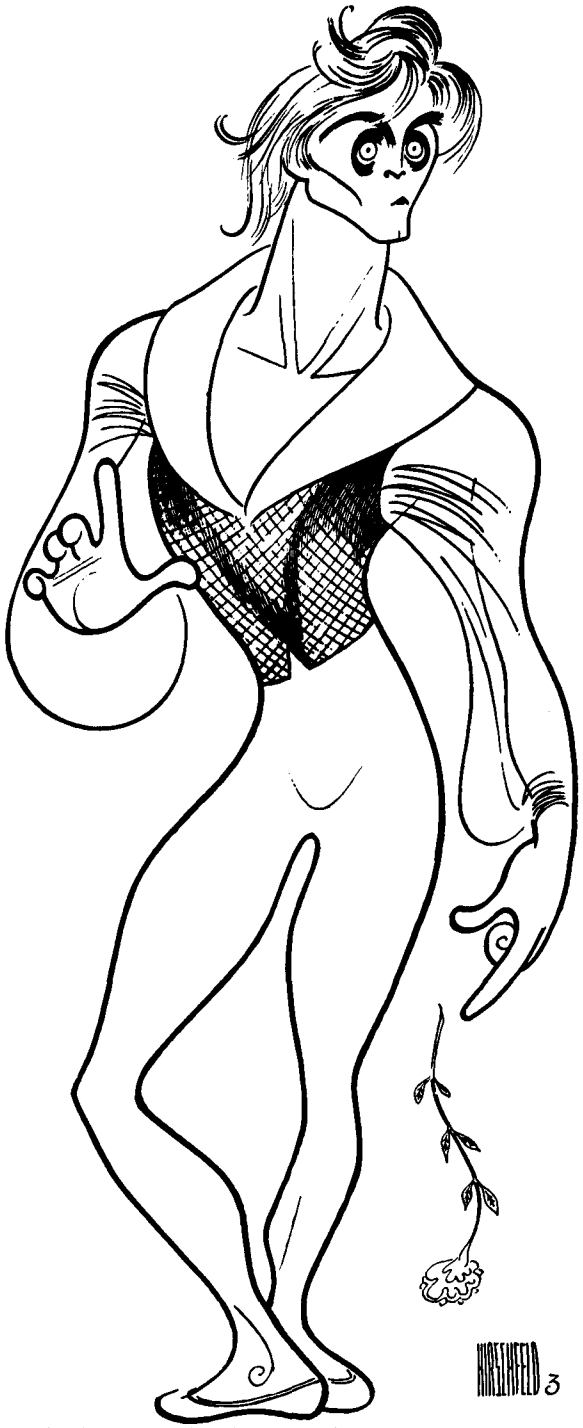
Lorin Maazel, now well settled into his work as the Cleveland Orchestra's music director in succession to George Szell, will offer the orchestra's public two performances (on October 19 and 21) of Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem," a modern masterpiece too seldom heard.

And, back to New York, the production team of Nathaniel Merrill and Robert O'Hearn, who created such memorable Metropolitan scenic successes at Richard Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, will be reunited at the New York State Theater, at Lincoln Plaza, for a new production of Umberto Giordano's *Andrea Chenier* by the New York City Opera. First performance: September 14.

—IRVING KOLODIN

DANCE

After a summer of al fresco or rustic theater performance, it's back to the cities for dance and dancers in the fall. In the Berkshires, the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival celebrated its forty-sixth anniversary. The New York City Ballet (NYCB) spent July in its lovely summer home at the Performing Arts Center, in Saratoga, New York. And many dancers spent their summers at such places as the Banff Center School of Fine Arts, in the Canadian Rockies. At Philadelphia's Robin Hood Dell West, an audience of 10,000 watched the dazzling Mikhail Baryshnikov say farewell to the old classic ballet *Giselle* and to the American Ballet Theatre (ABT) before he defected to the NYCB and George Balanchine's contemporary repertory.



The dazzling Mikhail Baryshnikov has left the ABT to defect to the NYCB this fall.

The great Russian will be dancing with the NYCB at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater during the windup of the company's thirtieth-anniversary season (November 14–February 18), though he will not star, and Balanchine's world-famous staging of *The Nutcracker* will be featured for the twenty-fifth year in the annual Christmas engagement (November 30–December 31). At the Metropolitan Opera House, a grand jeté or two away, the ABT will open its customary two-week fall season on September 5 (its two-month season at the Met begins in April). On September 7, there will be a very special gala in honor of the great *premier danseur noble* of our day, Ivan Nagy, who at age thirty-five and the peak of his career is retiring from dancing (though perhaps not from the world of dance).

The San Francisco Ballet (the nation's oldest regional ballet and long absent from New York) will be appearing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM) from October 26 to November 5. Directed by veteran Lew Christensen and youthful Michael Smuin, the repertory of this energetic, talented troupe will include Christensen's now historic *Filling Station* (1938), with its score by Virgil Thomson; Smuin's full-length *Romeo and Juliet* (Prokofiev); and the Oriental *Shinju*. BAM also promises the return of the enchanting Pennsylvania Ballet (November 21–26) and from October 26–29, of Los Indianos—a gaucho group from, believe it or not, Paris!

Manhattan's City Center Theater, on Fifty-fifth Street, will present its regulars: Alvin Ailey (November 8–December 17), in an engagement celebrating the interracial troupe's twentieth anniversary, with all manner of surprises in store; and the Joffrey Ballet (October 17–November 26). Merce Cunningham, vet-

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eran of the American modern dance avant-garde, will be at the City Center with his company from September 26–October 8. Young Eliot Feld and his ballet have not yet settled on a New York theater for November, but they will be on view during October in Los Angeles, Ames (Iowa), Minneapolis, Chicago, and on the campus of Purdue University.

The Houston Ballet, directed by England's Ben Stevenson, is the Southwest's biggest and very probably its most ambitious dance company. The full-length spectacle ballets, choreographed by Stevenson, include *The Sleeping Beauty* (opening September 28), *The Nutcracker* (opening December 16), and *Swan Lake* (which will be given next spring). But the Houston 1978–79 season itself gets under way on September 21 with the first American production of the late John Cranko's *The Lady and the Fool* (an early ballet by that great choreographer) and a world premiere by Norman Walker, the American modern dance choreographer.

I strongly recommend that you make sure to see Bella Lewitzky's West Coast company. This superb dancer-choreographer—one of the two great pioneers (the other, the late Lester Horton) of modern dance west of the Mississippi—is ever in the avant-garde, and it's an enormously theatrical avant-garde. You may not understand everything Bella is saying in her brilliantly architectural and sculptural movement designs, but you'll love it anyway. This fall, audiences will be cheering her in Albuquerque (October 3–4), Glendale (October 20), and Las Vegas—where she'll be the surest bet (tentative dates, November 3–4). Then she's on to San Jose; Columbus (Ohio); and in the new year, the Northeast. A feature of Bella's current programs are dances choreographed in collaboration with the award-winning (four Cotys) designer Rudi Gernreich. For Bella, Gernreich has gone far beyond leotards and unisex costumes to duotards (one leotard designed for two dancers) and other fanciful fabric structures that stretch and contract with the dancing bodies in myriad patterns new to the most ancient art of dancing. —WALTER TERRY

THE MOVIES

The notion of a fall season for movies seems about as outdated as star-studded openings, searchlights stabbing the crisp night air, flashbulbs popping, and limos jockeying for the most dramatic position. In fact, if there's anything resembling a seasonal ritual in the modern film industry, it's the early summer onrush of Hollywood's version of heat lightning—*Jaws 2*, *Omen II*, and various other me toos that have been specifically designed to be seen through bug-splattered windshields or from begummed wooden seats in seaside movie houses. Nevertheless, as surely as there will be an autumnal equinox and an end to crabgrass, there will be new movies. And some may even bring a few bright moments to our sun-dried, sand-clogged, mosquito-tormented souls.

For those who will allow Marlon Brando any excess (I will admit to being such a devotee), there are two noteworthy events coming up.

In Warner Bros.' *Superman*, Brando plays the wonder boy's father, who is preparing to fire his son into space from the doomed planet of Krypton. The script is the product of several writers, not the least of whom is Mario Puzo. There are possibly a thousand reasons not to see this movie, but for those who reveled in the theatrical outrages of *Missouri Breaks*, Brando will prove irresistible. *Superman* will be released as the kids escape for Christmas vacation, at about the same time Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* will be coming out. In this transplant of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* to Vietnam, Brando plays an American special service officer who sets himself up as the warlord of a private army. The film, the production of which has been beset by both genius and natural disaster in almost equal (and equally problematic) measure, has almost become a legend before its time. Michael Herr, author of *Dispatches*, is writing a voice-over narration, and the film seems bound to be either an unforgettable last hurrah for the Seventies or a bomb called anticlimax.

Vietnam also makes an appearance in Universal's *The Deer Hunter*, which stars Robert DeNiro in a story about two close friends who go together to high school, to work, and to war.

The appetite for memoirs of another, seemingly simpler war is as healthy as ever. *Force 10 from Navarone* takes us to the Balkans, a more or less virgin territory for World War II films, and in a less virgin story line sends one of those multifaceted strike forces into northern Greece to destroy one of those undestroyable bridges. Edward Fox, a splendid actor who is, however, beginning to reek of cordite, has obviously not yet gone a bridge too far. In *Brass Target*, starring Sophia Loren, Max Von Sydow, John Cassavetes, and George Kennedy, an assassination plot - conspiracy centers on, of all people, George Patton. Not exactly a sequel to *Patton*, and probably not the end of him either. *The Wild Geese* might as well be set in the Second World War, though it happens not to be. Such redoubtable war horses as Richard Burton, Sterling Hayden, Hardy Kruger, and Stewart Granger strike off into muddled Africa to rescue a valuable political prisoner—this film could serve as a sequel to every task force movie ever made.

The fall will see its share of clones, offspring, and first cousins: *Oliver's Story*, starring the ever-so-slightly aged Ryan O'Neal, is *Love Story*–1 (Jennie). *Butch and Sundance: The Early Days*, directed by the astonishingly unpredictable Richard Lester, is Cassidy and Kid–2 (namely, and possibly fatally, Paul Newman and Robert Redford). William Katt and Tom Berenger are trying to follow in (or is it precede?) some fairly inimitable footsteps.

Cloning is what *The Boys from Brazil* is about. Based on Ira Levin's book about the search for Hitler's master geneticist, the film stars Gregory Peck, Laurence Olivier, James Mason, and Lili Palmer. And why, I feel compelled to ask, hasn't Hollywood found a way to make clones of them?

Wait, there's more. Animation strikes back with a re-release of Disney's *Pinocchio*; with Avco-Embassy's *Watership Down*, starring rabbits; and with *Lord of the Rings*, in which United Artists has mischievously married stately Tolkien to fiendish Ralph Bakshi. The new Woody Allen movie, scheduled for release by United Artists in October, is called *Interiors*—interiors that we may assume will bear scant resemblance to those found in the latest issue of *House and Garden*. Jacqueline Bisset will be back (thank God) this time in a high-calorie mystery, *Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe*. American International offers up yet another son of Bikini Beach Bongo with *California Dreaming*, in their words a "funny, sad, sensitive" film about folks in surf city. United Artists shamelessly describes *Slow Dancing in the Big City*, which will star Paul Sorvino and Anne Ditchburn, as "a tender love story set in New York involving a dancer and a hard-nosed newspaper reporter." Given the terrible circular nature of life, that reporter may be Clark Kent, Marlon Brando's son. Remember? —OWEN EDWARDS

FINE ARTS

Vita brevis est, ars longa. In these palmy museum days, life is too short for anyone to see all the glory that is offered. A small sampling of this fall's shows, from Seneca's time to our own:

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On September 27, New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art will finally unveil the little Temple of Dendur, saved from the waters of the Aswan Dam and presented as a gift to America for its part in the rescue of treasures that would otherwise have been lost. The only complete Egyptian temple in the Western Hemisphere, Dendur was reconstructed stone by stone, following the ancient Egyptian mason lines still visible on the blocks. An example of late Egyptian architecture, it is carved with reliefs of Augustus Caesar, the reigning pharaoh. The Met has tucked Dendur inside a completely controlled environment — a new glass wing designed by Roche/Dinkeloo that controls dust, humidity, and light to ensure that the temple will outlast its two-thousandth birthday.

Another lost culture will come to life in Cincinnati in a show organized by the American Federation of Arts: "Tibet, A Lost World—The Newark Museum Collection of Tibetan Art and Ethnography" (November 5–December 31). From the seventh century A.D. till the Communist take-over, in 1959, the Himalayas, a kind of natural climate control, held an entire culture in their medieval past. Today, Tibet's ancient gods, devils, and rituals live on outside the mountain kingdom in mystical works of art that are steeped in symbolism and that combine simple shapes with an overlay of complicated decoration. The Newark Museum's collection is one of the most inclusive in the Western world. The show will travel to Worcester, Massachusetts, to Denver, and to Buffalo and Purchase, New York.

"Bse'i Khrab Can," a linear painting of a celestial warrior will be exhibited in Tibet, A Lost World.

Napoleon III presided, not always entirely happily, over a great blossoming of French art. He was once so incensed by a Courbet that he threatened to whack it with his riding crop. "The Second Empire: Art in France Under Napoleon III" will open in Philadelphia on October 1 (on November 26 the show will move on to Detroit and later on to Paris). The exhibit will bring together 400 objects, from paintings to porcelains, furniture to photographs, (three quarters of the work has never been seen outside France). Included are three Delacroix, four Ingres, five Manets, and four Monets, as well as paintings by Winterhalter and by Cabanel—the Romantics, the Neoclassicists, the Realist and Impressionist revolutionaries, and the academic establishment—coexisting cheek by jowl in Philadelphia as they never quite did in the emperor's time.

Late in the same century the unconscious was discovered, and Edvard Munch shifted his canvas to catch the inner light of psychic turmoil. "Edvard Munch: Symbols and Images" will be at Washington's National Gallery from November 11 to February 19. Ninety percent of Munch's oeuvre is in Norway, unknown even to most travelers. This show will be the most comprehensive of the artist's work ever mounted in this country. Approximately 40 paintings, including an almost complete reconstruction of his series, *The Frieze of Life*, form the core of the exhibit. But there will also be an extensive selection of prints on his obsessive themes of love, despair, sickness, and death. There will be 20 watercolors never before exhibited outside Norway; and more than 20 self-portraits.

If Munch was possessed by despair, Matisse must have been as possessed by joy. And it is hard to imagine another response to the upcoming "Matisse in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art" (October 27–January 5), the show that will inaugurate the fiftieth-anniversary celebration of New York's Museum of Modern Art. The museum, which already has the greatest single collection of Matisse in the world, will dust off the works currently in storage and hang all its promised gifts—140 works in all. Many will be on public display for the first time. The show follows Matisse from his early paintings of the 1890s to the end of his career, encompassing sculpture, drawings, prints, chasubles designed for the chapel at Vence, and finally "La Piscine," the 54-foot-long cutout made when the master was eighty years old and bedridden.

Mark Rothko learned a good deal from Matisse and then subtly subverted the lessons. The last time a museum gave Rothko a show was in 1961; since then we have heard little about him other than the lurid court battle over his estate. From October 27 to January 14, the Guggenheim Museum, in New York, will present the first exhibition to cover Rothko's lifework, from his realistic paintings of the mid-1920s to the large and often somber clouds of color he trapped on canvas in the period just before his death, in 1970. After January, the show will travel to Houston, Minneapolis, and Los Angeles.

Ars longa indeed.

—VICKI GOLDBERG

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I think America's future is black. Coal black.

Coal was our main source of energy until about 1940. The energy from coal kept us warm in winter. Cool in summer. Powered our first radios. Vacuum cleaners. Electric toasters. In those days, America ran on coal.

Today, America runs on oil and gas. And it looks like we have about a 30 year supply left. Scientists, the government and the energy companies are busy developing alternate energy sources. But those new sources won't be available for many years. We need more time.

Coal can buy us that time.

There's still plenty of coal left. And today, we have better ways of extracting it. Safer, more efficient ways of burning it. If we start developing our coal reserves now, we can make a smooth transition to other energy sources such as solar energy or nuclear fusion—both with unlimited energy potential. If we wait around, we may be in trouble.

The way I see it, sometimes you have to dig up an old idea before you can come up with a new one.

Atlantic Richfield Company believes that one of our national goals must be a national energy policy that includes a plan for the prompt and orderly development of our country's coal reserves. You can help make it happen. Consider the facts. Take a stand. Get involved.

For a free booklet with additional information on this issue, please write: Atlantic Richfield Company, Coal, P.O. Box 30169, Los Angeles, CA 90030.

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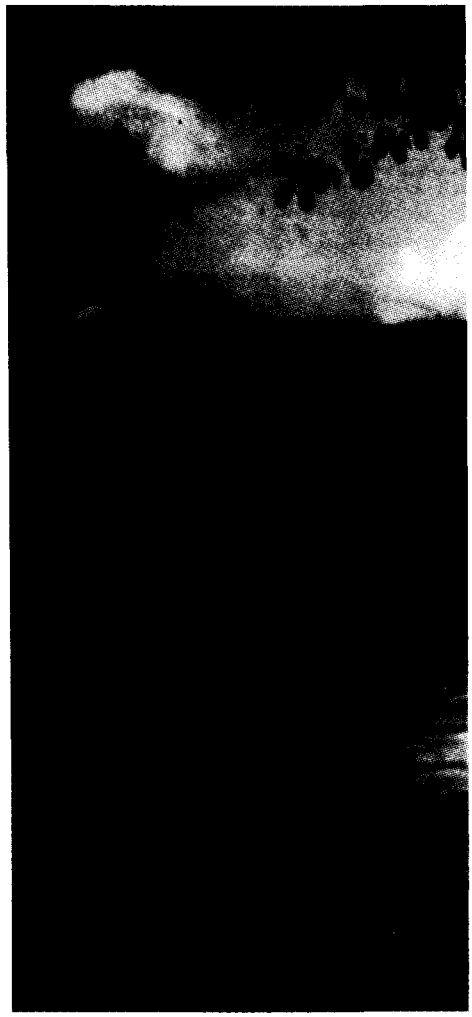
The Stieglitz Collection: When Photography Was Young



by Vicki Goldberg

THIS SUMMER, three enormous banners billowed over the facade of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, announcing the season's most luminous treasures inside: Monet at Giverny, The Arts Under Napoleon, The Stieglitz Collection. Stieglitz and photography have obviously moved up since the day in 1902 when the Metropolitan's director was appalled to think that photographs might ever hang in the museum: "Why, Mr. Stieglitz, you won't insist that a photograph can possibly be a work of art....You are a fanatic." Stieglitz conceded the point readily enough but insisted that "time will show that my fanaticism is not completely ill founded."

Time and Stieglitz won the battle he waged as editor, writer, photographer, and gallery director. So we had 214 works of art from Stieglitz's own collection on display at the Met from May 18 to July 16, and better still, a catalog of the museum's entire holdings from his collection. *The Collection of Alfred Stieglitz* (Metropolitan Museum of Art/Viking, $30) includes 580 photographs by 50 photographers.

Stieglitz's collection is as fine a survey of Photo-Secession and of international photography over the years 1890–1910 (with a few important footnotes before and after) as we are likely to get for some time. Though there are significant omissions, there are many fine examples by such as Steichen, J. Craig Annan, Clarence White, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Gertrude Kasëbier, Heinrich Kuehn (and from later years, Strand and Sheeler), and a host of names that were solid once but have melted away with time. Weston J. Naef, associate curator of prints and photographs at the Metropolitan, organized the show with the aid of a grant from Vivitar Corporation. He also wrote the catalog, which should prove indispensable to anyone seriously interested in the period. The bibliography is exemplary, the catalog gathers together information on some photographers that is not readily available elsewhere, and Naef not only illuminates such matters as the influence of technical changes on imagery but has unearthed such choice and arcane details as who owned the pedigreed staghound in Seeley's photograph.

We need no longer ask the question that dogged these photographers: But is it art? Ask rather: How does it look today?

Some of it looks no less than delicious. The Steichen landscapes were recently on loan to New York's Museum of Modern Art and were lovelier still on second acquaintance. The wistful quality of the nightscenes and the blurry, cowering, and rather silly nudes could be seen in context and fitted into the spirit of the times. By dint of microscopic examination, Naef discovered what even Stieglitz did not know about the tinted Steichens he owned: They were actually ingenious copies Steichen had made of his own unique prints.

The big photographs from Vienna, by Kuehn, Henneberg, and Watzek, struck me as astonishing in size, handsome in organization, marvels of surface. (Most are gum prints, that manipulative process that can cloud details and wash the image in tender color.) The Coburns have a formal strength that has not weakened with the years; the Annans poise in a kind of haunted, haunting stillness; and there are many exceptionally fine single images by less well-known photographers.

But one part of the exhibit called forth only a sigh. Those 20 years at the turn of the century must have been awash in mawkish sentimentality, the photographers repeatedly coming down with attacks of *September Morn* or "the littlest angel." Today, Kasëbier's mothers and children look suspiciously like greeting cards; Anne W. Brigman's storm-ridden nude in a Batman rig is tediously symbolic; and F. Holland Day's seven self-portraits as Christ on the cross are downright vulgar.

MORE DIFFICULT is the group of boring pictures. Every show has its quota; still, these are distressing in view of the grand claims and grand aims to scale the heights of art. In their eagerness to be artists, many of these photographers imitated other media, producing a "fuzzy artiness" that Ansel Adams later said eluded him. Today, the fuzz is not so distasteful, but the art is another matter. Indeed, the most beautiful as-

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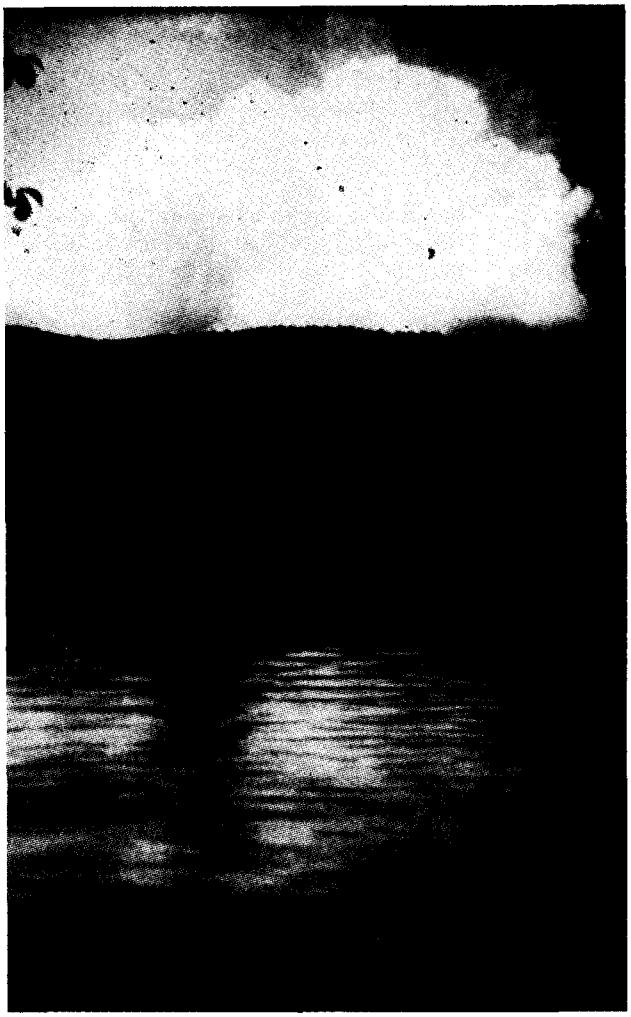
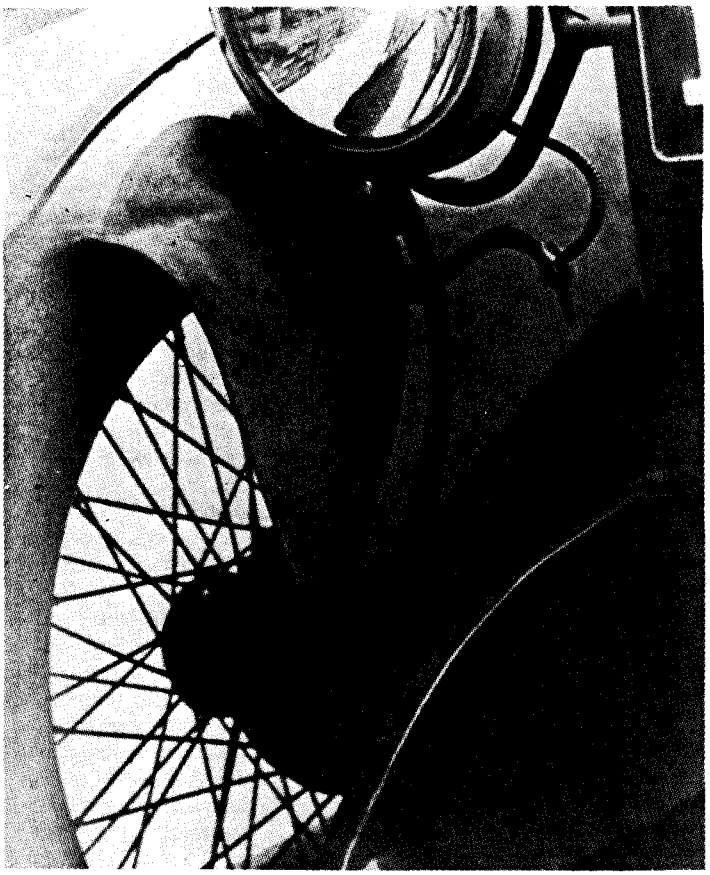


Edward J. Steichen. *The Big White Cloud, Lake George,* 1903.



Paul Strand. [*Untitled*], 1917.

pect of many of these photographs is exactly their texture and color, yet the images often strike a dreary note. These photographers looked all too hard at Whistler, Corot, and Inness, wonderful artists but dead ones not likely to be resurrected by inferior versions in another medium. And some looked to artists who were dull to begin with or to pedestrian prints and book illustration—rather a poor way to pick your influences. Though there were marvelous masters with powerful visions at the time, many of the Photo-Secessionists and their colleagues looked backward and consequently froze into pillars of salt. The paintings and sculpture that Stieglitz showed in his gallery from 1908 on forged a new spirit in art for a new century. But if his collection of photographs truly represents the most advanced photography of its day, then one is left to wonder if photography was not at the time a laggard art. Of course Stieglitz, like every collector concerned with history, collected too much; there is room at the top for only a very few visionaries at any one time.

Stieglitz himself changed his mind and his aesthetic a few years later. He felt that many of the photographs in his collection were "of more value historically than artistically," a judgment that stands up fairly well today. In his own photography as well as in the photographs he collected and exhibited, he came to prefer the straight, sharply focused print and often chose predominantly formalist imagery, abstracted from nature. On the walls of the Metropolitan, the stark contrasts and honed edges of the Strands and Sheelers were a shock after all the elegant platinum fog that went before. Sheeler's photographs looked particularly spare and strong and closely related to his own more modernist painting aesthetic. This is not to say that Sheeler and Strand are necessarily better because they are more up-to-date. Being modern only guarantees being modern, not being more beautiful.

The line between Steichen in, say, 1904, and Strand in 1916 marks a gulf between tastes, aesthetics, and techniques. Stieglitz actively assisted in the formation of both eras in American photography and preserved the documents for display. The catalog suggests that he outgrew an early desire to be remembered as a collector, wanting instead to be thought of as a photographer. He has certainly had his wish, but the Metropolitan's show presented a side of him that years of neglect have turned into news: He was a collector who threw a wide net. The collection is an education as well as an introduction to a number of fine but obscure photographers. The pictures are alternately glorious and dull, old-fashioned and new—Stieglitz himself seems to have been peculiarly capable of holding contradictory ideas in his mind. Like his other pursuits, his collecting was designed to further the dignity and artistry of photography. He once said to Dorothy Norman, his biographer: "What I would like is that when I die, photography should say of me, 'He always treated me like a gentleman.'" He succeeded. ◉

Vicki Goldberg is an art historian and a contributing editor of American Photographer.

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THEATER

Canada's Embalmed Stratford Festival

by Martin Gottfried

CANADA'S Stratford Festival has established itself so successfully as the unparalleled summer tourist theater that people no longer go to see the plays there. They go to be at the festival. They go no matter what the play, making reservations a year in advance, before the schedule has been announced. There Shakespeare's plays have become a matched set, one indistinguishable from the other, all "Shakespeare," the bindings more important than the contents. Things have gotten so out of hand that this season—Stratford's twenty-sixth—didn't even begin with a play but with a one-performance-only *Gala Shakespeare Revel*, a polyglot of dances, songs, and brief scenes.

Festival representatives dismissed this gala as a way of satisfying stuffy first-nighters (Canada's financial and political and social aristocracy), but the excuse was a classic case of buck-passing. Why should the festival take the blame for letting the packaging overshadow the plays when the audience can be blamed instead?

Wrapped up in a $6-million annual budget, Stratford exemplifies all the pitfalls of art institutionalization. For with its gorgeous and magnificently equipped Festival Theater; its handsome, smaller Avon Theater; its manicured lawns and picnic grounds and swan-stocked river and gay-chic restaurants, the festival has become a cultural world's fair, sterile and automated.

From the start, there was no company on our continent that could touch Stratford's. Here was a repertory theater in the world class. Moreover, with a hundred actors and its own scene and costume shops, the festival could turn out productions worthy of museum exhibition. Museum exhibition, window display—this is now the problem. Stratford's productions have become ones in which actors give irreproachable readings; ones that boast sumptuous costumes of suede and fur and leather and silk; ones that are pictures, lovely to look at but devoid of life.

Robin Phillips, in his fourth season as Stratford's director, has now put makeup on the mannequins, so to speak. He has actually made window dressing the theme of a theater where performance has become display. Phillips seems to revel in the physical splendor of the festival; seems to find perverse satisfaction in lavish sterility, in theater as decor. One thing that can be expected of any production of his: It will have masses of stunningly costumed actors flowing onstage and then streaming off, as if they were mobile architecture.

This season, virtually every one of Stratford's productions has been staged by Phillips. He has directed or codirected six of the eight plays that opened during the first week. Think of that: eight productions opening in a single week! As a matter of fact, eight productions in *four days*. How many theaters could have managed it? Even if another one could have, it would not have had the manpower or financial resources to mount the plays on a level even approaching Stratford's. Every one of these new productions is lavishly costumed; most require large companies; each is physically worthy of being a theater's showpiece; and in terms of sheer expertise, all but one performance is impeccable.

Impeccable, however, does not mean that the performances are vital or stimulating or heartfelt. Alas, only one of the new productions has any spirit; only one of them comes to life. *Uncle Vanya*, at the Avon, captures the beauty of Chekhov's dramatic orchestration. It grasps the sublime grace of his compassion, his ability to deal with boredom without being boring; to make the extraordinary of the ordinary. Brian Bedford's bewildered Astrov, Martha Henry's flirtatious Elena, and Marti Maraden's frustrated Sonya are but three subtly drawn characters in a perfect ensemble.

Contrarily, the Shakespeare of this year's festival is dreary. Does the world really need an uncut version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*? Not while some go without a Water Pik. (If Queen Elizabeth I hadn't insisted on seeing Falstaff just one more time, the play wouldn't have been written at all.) As for *Macbeth*, it may be a pleasure to see Maggie Smith as Lady Macbeth, but the play has always defied production because it treats Macbeth as its tragic hero while she is more naturally that figure. *Macbeth* is a literary dream but a performing nightmare, and this time the actor to catch the blame for not succeeding in the title role is the gifted Douglas Rain.

The Winter's Tale ought to have been the most interesting of the new productions since it is so peculiar a work. It is, after all, Shakespeare's *other* jealousy play—the gentler side of *Othello*. But Phillips chose to stage it in a never-never land turn-of-the-century Sicily, somehow hoping that by crossing Victorian England with Belle Epoque France he could create an elegant middle European languor. The play is implausible enough—who would buy Queen Hermione pretending to be a statue for 18 years? In this production, with its 90-minute second act during which virtually nothing transpires, the play is ridiculous, when endurable. Ah, but the pictures are so pretty.

Over at the Avon, aside from *Vanya*, the revival of John Whiting's *The Devils* (based on Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun*) is an exercise in exorcism. Here, Phillips uses fancy stage illustration to try to disguise the poverty of his imagination. Obsession with style inevitably reveals inanity of content. His irrelevant stroboscope lighting and rock music give way to a possessed nun who actually speaks in the electronic growl used in the film *The Exorcist*. So ultimately even the style is inane. But to Leonard Bernstein's *Candide* goes the distinction of being the season's greatest embarrassment. Stratford's talent for professional patina evidently doesn't extend to Broadway musicals. Your garden-variety dinner theater would have ejected this shabby orchestra and gauche performance. Nowhere is Stratford's plush campiness more apparent than in this production of the musically inspired but textually problematic work.

But festival audiences will buy *Candide* because a musical is a relief after all the Shakespeare. They accept Shakespeare because it is Stratford—like the waterfall is Niagara—but a Broadway musical makes this cultural vacation so much more bearable. After all, nobody really expects to have fun inside these theaters, and of course, that's what's wrong with Stratford. It has taught its audiences to forget why Shakespeare is great; to visit rather than partake of theater; to look at the display—a theater embalmed. ◉

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 50): tinsel, inlets, listen, silent, enlist

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TELEVISION

Arledge Leads the Way

by Karl E. Meyer

When Roone Arledge took command as president of ABC News this past year, I fully expected the kind of frantic razzle-dazzle so generously in evidence on *20/20*, the network's newsmagazine program. I also anticipated that the *ABC Evening News* would reflect the dedication that Arledge, who is also president of ABC Sports, has to instant impact and visible innovation. Thus we now have the device of multiple anchormen, scattered around the globe with a breathless indifference to time zones.

What I did not foresee, however, was that Arledge would make a firm commitment to superior documentary journalism. My other misgivings aside, I tip my hat to him for resurrecting his network's moribund *ABC News Close-up* series and thereby giving fresh life to an otherwise imperiled form. Under the guidance of executive producer Pamela Hill, *Close-up* promises a monthly ration of prime time, hour-long documentaries of superior quality—salubrious news indeed.

On June 28, ABC broadcast the first of these documentaries, "Youth Terror: The View from Behind the Gun." The program opened with these words, delivered almost offhandedly by a Brooklyn youth brandishing a pistol: "This gun gives me power ... power and shit.... It brings me money.... It brings me lots of things.... I don't use it just to shoot people and all that, you know.... Just use it for protection.... You dig? ... This is what talks around this neighborhood."

"Youth Terror" was notable not merely for its uncensored street language, which was wholly appropriate to the subject, but also for its elimination of commentary. Too often, documentaries tend to sermonize, which may be one reason why they frequently perform poorly in the ratings. In fact, no preaching was needed to underscore the program's message. "We're raised up like animals," a tough-faced youngster remarked, "so we act like animals."

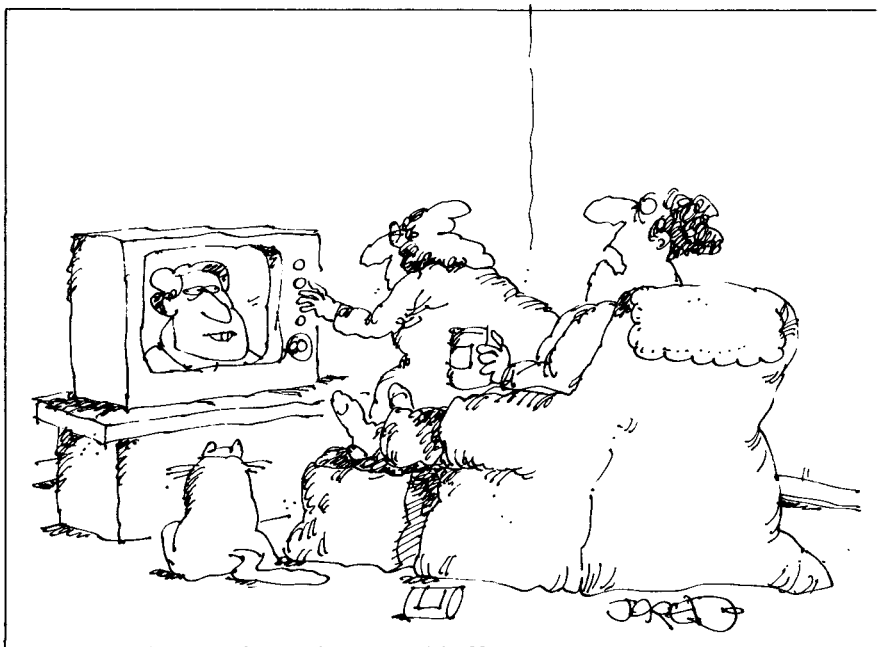
Helen Whitney, the young and unknown producer and director of the film, spent months in the jungles of Brooklyn and Harlem befriending leaders of street gangs, and she managed to elicit the language that novelists fumblingly try to invent. No one viewing her report could fail to comprehend the terrible price all of us pay for the squalor of the slums; she has breathed humanity into prosaic crime statistics. Whitney was superbly assisted by Don Guy and Bryan Anderson, who caught on film this bitter slice of urban life.

As a companion piece to "Youth Terror," ABC plans to rebroadcast a public television documentary similar in technique but very different in perspective: "Police Tapes," an award-winning 90-minute report on the East Bronx as seen from a squad car. Originally shown on WNET in New York this past year, "Police Tapes" was produced by Alan and Susan Raymond. I cannot recall a previous instance in which a commercial network gave national exposure to a locally broadcast public television documentary.

The credit for this decision goes to Hill, herself a proficient journalist with a long list of documentary credits. Hill tells me that she intends to put together a festival of superior but little-known documentaries produced by local commercial and noncommercial stations. It is the kind of festival I hope will become an annual fixture.

Other future *Close-up* projects include an exposé of pseudoscience faddism and an essay on American politics by Marcel Ophuls, the gifted director of *The Sorrow and the Pity*. Yet however inspiriting the revival of the *Close-up* series, I see no sign that ABC is ready to make the ultimate commitment to serious documentary journalism, namely, giving a regular monthly time slot to its hour-long reports. Not since NBC's *First Tuesday* (which was first aired in 1969) has any commercial network been willing to risk the fixed scheduling of documentaries. On the contrary, a favorite network practice is to stick documentaries in the worst possible prime time hours, as CBS did earlier this year when it broadcast a fine report on Rhodesia at the same time the Academy Awards swept the ratings.

The proof in television is in the scheduling. I'll forgive Roone Arledge a lot—even the graceless way he let Harry Reasoner twist in the wind instead of releasing him from his contract and permitting him to go to CBS—if he'll fight for the regular scheduling of *Close-up*. Arledge is learning much in his first year. It is no accident that the open-shirted Geraldo Rivera, a strictly show biz journalist, has disappeared from the *ABC Evening News* and is now to be seen on *20/20*, the flying circus that seems destined for a spectacular crash. What ABC News needs is not money or graphic gimmickery; it needs authority, something that derives only from professionalism. In the crucial field of documentaries, at least, Roone Arledge and ABC are leading the way. I am delighted. ◉



"Leave it alone, Alice. He's sick. He's supposed to be pale."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Mirth, Girth, and Worth of "Fats" Waller

by Irving Kolodin

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN', the revue at the Longacre Theater, is worth even more than the accolade of "Best Musical of the Year" that it bears as a Tony Award winner. This is a show that is giving theatergoers an insight into something they haven't enjoyed, in revue form, in years—a multisong sampling from the richest period of American popular music.

For those who weren't present when Thomas "Fats" Waller was producing the musical's great songs in the Twenties and Thirties, *Ain't Misbehavin'* is also a celebration of one of the most generously gifted men ever to set pen to paper in pursuit of musical pleasure—his and the world's.

As an instance, one may mention the creative history of the title song itself, which has come to be the embodiment of all that is characteristic of the man (though some may prefer another song among the hundreds he wrote). A robust fellow (a 300-pound six footer) whose foot pressure on the organ was estimated at 20 pounds per pedal, Waller was a connoisseur of beverages in many forms and colors. He lived thirty-nine music-packed years, of which 45 minutes, one morning, were devoted to creating "Ain't Misbehavin'."

Most track records for the creation of durable music are more fictional than factual. Who, after all, held a stopwatch on Schubert while he created the lilting line that gave wings to Shakespeare's "Who Is Sylvia?" or on Brahms as he jotted down his Waltz No. 15 in A-flat major? The crafting of "Ain't Misbehavin'" in less than an hour is attested to by Andy Razaf (born Andrea Razafinkeriefo), who was there, writing the words, when it happened.

The outcome may have had high-level repercussions some years later, when the celebrated Symphony No. 7 ("Leningrad") of Dmitri Shostakovich appeared with a much repeated theme (*11* times in one sequence) in the first movement. Its first five notes bear a curious likeness to "Ain't Misbehavin'."

Clearly preposterous, some may say: Where on earth could Shostakovich have ever heard "Ain't Misbehavin'," let alone remember it (subconsciously)? My answer would be: He'd have heard it in the same time and circumstances that he heard Vincent Youmans's "Tea for Two" and by letter, discussed his instrumentation of it with conductor Nicolai Malko, when Moscow was a fox-trotting town, in 1928–1929. [See the current *Musical Quarterly*.]

Of the hundreds of records made by Waller between October 1922 and September 1943 (he died in November 1943), only a fraction were made at the organ. Thus it is difficult to pass judgment on the statement by Ashton Stevens (Chicago's celebrated drama critic) that "the piano was the instrument of Fats Waller's stomach and the organ that of his heart." I do cherish an organ version by Waller of "Thou Swell," whose throb is certainly from the heart, but that is also true of more than a few piano performances by him.

I had a memorable conversation with Waller once in 1938, when he was appearing at the Yacht Club, on New York's Fifty-second Street, with his favorite small ensemble (Herman Autrey on trumpet, Gene Sedric on tenor sax and clarinet, Al Casey playing guitar, and "Slick" Jones on the drums). At an appropriate break, he came over and sat down at the table where I was having an early snack and collecting material for a newspaper piece.

I asked if in truth he was fond of playing Bach and if he had actually made (nonreleased) recordings of Bach. He laughed but didn't say yes or no. He did say that one of the lasting recollections of his young life was being taken by his father to hear the great Polish pianist Paderewski in Carnegie Hall. (The year, 1918—when Fats was fourteen—is attested in Maurice Waller's affectionate recollections of his father, *Fats Waller*, recently published by Schirmer Books.)

When he asked where I was going later in the evening, I replied, "To the Metropolitan, to hear Strauss's 'Der Rosenkavalier'." His already lively expression became even more animated. "Hey, man," he said, "take me along, will you?" "Sure," I said. "Let's go." But reality took over as he said something about "the job," and the idea lapsed.

Maurice Waller's book is memorable for its many honest observations of and insights into a difficult parent, and one revelation especially stands out. The lore has long circulated that in the Twenties Fats often sold song ideas for eatin' money and that more than a few of them became hits. Maurice Waller provides two examples: "Sometimes I'd inadvertently play a song he had sold to another composer, and all hell would break loose. One afternoon I was playing 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love,' and he heard me. Dad came storming down the stairs in a rage. 'Maurice, I don't want you to ever play that damn song. I don't want you to even whistle it. Do you understand?'" Maurice also recalls a moment when his father was present as "On the Sunny Side of the Street" came over the radio. Another steaming rage. Both songs, of course, bear the name of the late Jimmy McHugh as composer. As two of America's most performed, best-loved songs, they unquestionably contributed to McHugh's fame and fortune.

At his best, the mirth in Waller did not rest upon his girth or the tilted derby or the baby voice he used in "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter" (perhaps his best-known best-selling record). The humor was in the music itself: in its offbeat lapses and pickups, in the echoes of the Bijou Theater kind of musical background to silent films (of which he played his share when he was growing up); in the ability to parody the sentiment in Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust" with a little accent here, a touch of tremolo there, that made it say something different without saying it at all.

All these were one part of the implicit, mischievous humor in the man: The other part, the banter, the self-deprecation, the catering to audience expectations, was part of the "sell"—as it was then practiced by others, including Louis Armstrong—the appeal to the eye of those who couldn't hear what he was doing so brilliantly for the ear.

As Fats grew older, he wasted his physical being through all forms of self-indulgence—including self-recrimination. Maurice Waller tells us that his father "constantly talked about his admiration for Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* and *Concerto in F*," the clear implication being that he was torturing himself for not having done comparably well with his own gifts.

A Fats Waller piano concerto? What a wonderful idea! But the worth of the man remains in what he did on his own, and in his own way—not as a second George Gershwin but as a first, inimitable Fats Waller. ◉

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DANCE

The Adventuresome Dutch

by Walter Terry

Kylian's NDT in Sinfonietta*—"Expresses both emotion and motion."*

Charleston, S.C.

"I SCREAMED 'Bravo!' at my own matinee," confessed Jiri Kylian, co-artistic director and principal choreographer of the Netherlands Dance Theater (NDT). "I usually look at a performance and then go backstage and make corrections, but for the first time in my life I was so excited I cheered my own dancers!" Audiences at 1978's Spoleto Festival USA also cheered the Netherlanders with standing ovations at every performance in the Gaillard Municipal Auditorium. The enthusiasm was wholly justified, for the Dutch company's absolutely brilliant execution and Kylian's superb choreography made their presentations the dance peak of the second annual American counterpart of the Festival of Two Worlds, founded 20 years ago in Spoleto, Italy, by the continuing artistic director of both festivals, composer Gian Carlo Menotti.

The NDT, established almost 20 years ago by American teacher and choreographer Benjamin Harkarvy (presently artistic director of the Pennsylvania Ballet), has always been adventuresome. Until Kylian took over, in 1975, the accent was on modern dance, but now the NDT has a brand-new look. Although Kylian trains his dancers strictly in classical ballet and frequently incorporates *sur les pointes* in his choreography for the girls, he fuses this discipline with the movements of many other dance styles.

The NDT program for the Spoleto festival was composed of four distinctly different ballets, three by Kylian and one by Hans van Manen, a principal choreographer of the primarily classical Dutch National Ballet. Van Manen's *Grosse Fuge* (Beethoven), one of his most popular works, is a piece of striking dance architecture.

Kylian's *Stoolgame* (music by Arne Nordheim) begins with a fierce battle between two men in which one is killed. The survivor deifies the fallen one, and in the dazzlingly imaginative ritual of wild communal worship that follows, low stools, instead of women, are manipulated into a myriad of patterns that make the stools occasionally appear to be parts of bodies.

Symphony in D (from Haydn's "Clock" symphony) is one of the funniest ballets I have ever seen. The pointe work of the girls is as strong as that of a classical ballet troupe, the virtuosity of the men is breathtaking, and Kylian has come up with gestures, statements, passages, and entire movements of kinetic humor that had Charleston audiences rocking with near hysterical laughter. Yet in his *Verklaerte Nacht* (music by Schoenberg), the same choreographer created movements that were understatements, haunting evocations of love and sadness and hope.

The NDT also participated in the Ballet Gala of the two-day celebration honoring Czech composer Leoš Janáček (1854–1928) on the fiftieth anniversary of his death.

The undisputed hit of the gala was *Sinfonietta*, choreographed especially for the occasion by Kylian and danced by the NDT. In *Sinfonietta*, Kylian captured in movement what the music is all about. No other choreographer at the gala came close to realizing the same degree of music visualization, dramatization, and mood from his own selected score.

The Kylian ballet begins with a semi-climax (the dancers' great leaps are done first in unison, then in succession) that almost knocks you out of your seat; then it moves to a gentler, less dynamic section; and finally it builds to a full climax. At the ballet's close, the dancers fairly soar on diagonals across the stage, the boys interspersing leaps with great lifts of the girls so that vast arcs of elevation are extended into both time and space. At the very end of the ballet, these free-flying figures draw together in a mass formation of almost rhapsodic stillness as the dancers, backs to the audience, step slowly toward a distant horizon.

SEEING Jiri Kylian's *Sinfonietta* and the three other ballets he presented at the festival, I discovered not only that the NDT has changed radically since Kylian took charge but also that Kylian is very probably the finest choreographic talent to bless the dance world since the passing of Kylian's mentor, John Cranko, of the Stuttgart Ballet. All too often, this generation of so-called contemporary ballet choreographers contrives instead of invents, clutches at novelty instead of reaching toward discovery, instructs dancers to writhe from pose to pose (if they're lucky enough to be given a pose) with no concern for sequence of movement or kinetic logic.

Says Kylian, "The most important thing is not to lose the logic in dance. Logic is absolutely essential. There must be truth not only in *emotion* but also in *motion*. One has to find the ways movements want to go.... One shouldn't force them to go somewhere else."

Kylian's choreographic logic in expressing both emotion and motion and the thrilling physicality of his superbly trained and physically attractive dancers made the other dance events at Spoleto USA pale, fade, disappear.

This season of Spoleto Festival USA was not as stirring dancewise as last year's inaugural season. Certainly the Janáček Ballet Gala did not sustain the high level achieved by Wishy's Scriabin Gala, of 1977. But in one sense, the festival was more important this year, for it reintroduced the Netherlands Dance Theater to America, this time in a new guise, in superlative form, and under the direction of a master choreographer. Jiri Kylian's *Sinfonietta* was itself worth a trip (from anywhere) to Charleston. ◉

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After the Revolution

Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence
by Garry Wills
Doubleday, 398 pp., $10
America Revisited: 150 Years After
by Eugene J. McCarthy
Doubleday, 264 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

AS IF IN delayed response to the Bicentennial, these two books assess critical moments in the American past: *Inventing America* examines the beginning of the national experiment in self-government; *America Revisited*, the status of the experiment as it was after the first half century and as it is today. Each author takes off from a fundamental document: Garry Wills, from the Declaration of Independence; Eugene McCarthy, from Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. Neither author is a professional historian, a fact that imparts a certain freshness to their reflections. Though the two works differ considerably in specific gravity, each has its interest and value.

Wills made his reputation a decade ago with *Nixon Agonistes*, a book that mingled first-class reporting with exceedingly bizarre reasoning (Nixon thus appearing as "the authentic voice of the surviving American liberalism"). Beginning as a protégé of William Buckley's, Wills in due course managed the great trajectory from the New Right to the New Left. At some point, he evidently lost his taste for contemporary folly and turned to historical inquiry. One of his early efforts—the introduction to Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time*—was written under the spell of the New Left and deserves the prize for the worst historical essay of the 1970s. But the farther he strayed from his own time, the better Wills's history became, as shown by his series about Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary America in *The New York Review of Books*.

These essays, suitably reworked, form the basis for *Inventing America*. This discursive but often brilliant book illuminates both the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the nation that thereafter revered it. Wills's method is philological. "To understand any text remote from us in time," he writes, "we must reassemble a world around that text." His design is to recover the "lost language of the Enlightenment" and most particularly the lost world of Thomas Jefferson. Now that world has been explored before, most notably in Daniel Boorstin's excellent book of that name. But as Wills points out, Boorstin's reconstruction of Jefferson's mind, like similar attempts by Gilbert Chinard and Adrienne Koch, picks up Jefferson in his forties. The truly lost world is that of the young Jefferson—truly lost because of the fire that consumed his books and papers in 1770, when he was twenty-seven, thereby destroying the vital evidence for his intellectually formative years.

Inventing America restores the world of the young Jefferson through reasonable conjecture derived from close textual analysis. It is a tour de force of speculative scholarship. Conventional history has taken literally Jefferson's avowal, half a century after the fact, that he did no more in drafting the Declaration of Independence than "to place before mankind the common sense of the subject" and that the document was simply "an expression of the American mind." Wills argues that on the contrary, there are significant differences between Jefferson's Declaration and the final text and that these differences tell us a lot about Jefferson and about America. Far from offering a redaction of Locke, as historians have supposed ever since Carl Becker's classic work on the Declaration more than half a century ago, Jefferson, Wills demonstrates, was influenced less by Locke than by the Scots Francis Hutcheson, the philosopher of "moral sense," and Thomas Reid, the philosopher of "common sense." The Locke who mattered in the eighteenth century, Wills plausibly adds, was the author of the *Essay on Human Understanding*, not the author of the *Second Treatise*—the epistemologist, not the political philosopher. Where Becker wrote that Jefferson, "having read Locke's treatise, was so taken with it that he read it again, and still again," Wills briskly insists, "There is no direct proof he ever read it at all." Jefferson's original Declaration, Wills argues, was "not only non-Lockean but anti-Lockean."

This is Wills's striking contention, and he sustains it persuasively. He carries forward his exploration of the mind of the young Jefferson through a series of ingenious suggestions and digressions. He shows conclusively, for example, that Jefferson's real point in his famous paragraph on slavery—the one the Continental Congress rejected—was not to attack slavery as an institution but to attack George III for freeing American slaves that they might fight their masters. Nowhere has Jefferson's fascination with David Rittenhouse, the mathematician and astronomer whom he rated with Washington and Franklin as the three authentic geniuses of America, been so well explained. Wills reminds us that Jefferson's antistatism must be read not as extreme individualism bordering on anarchy but in the context of the belief of the Scottish philosophers that a compact society needs little government because its people share common ideals.

In short, *Inventing America* is a rich

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and original, if somewhat disorderly, book. Sometimes Wills's scholarly pyrotechnics seem a little pretentious. He is still capable of bizarre reasoning, as in his discussion of Lincoln in the prologue. Lincoln, he assures in one line, was "Byronic"; then a few lines later, he becomes "a master of the Bible's extraordinary hold on the Protestant imagination." A reverently Bible-reading Byron is surely a jarring mixture of effects. However, the wealth of insight shows how gifted amateurs can find fertility in fields that professionals assume have been plowed to the point of exhaustion. Wills thinks sharply, writes well, and is capable of beating the professionals at their own game.

McCarthy's book is far less ambitious. He rightly believes that Tocqueville's great work "still provides the best frame of reference, both descriptive and analytical, for the examination of American democracy," and he has had the felicitous thought of making a systematic comparison of Tocqueville's America with the America of 1978. He does this in a series of essays on topics that worried Tocqueville in 1831–32 and that remain on the national agenda: Indians, blacks, prisons, religion, the economy, the law, the press, political parties, and the presidency.

McCarthy is a valuable American figure. I don't know how serious he ever was about wanting to be president; one feels that it was one of his complex jokes. But he is a thoughtful man with a well-stocked and ironic mind, and he has served the republic well as a highly intelligent and obstinately independent if, on occasion, exasperatingly whimsical critic of American values and institutions. These qualities come into play in his updating of Tocqueville.

He has read *Democracy in America* with attention, along with George Pierson's indispensable *Tocqueville and Beaumont in America* and Tocqueville's own notes on his American journey. Some of McCarthy's essays, like those on the Indians and the blacks, are essentially descriptive, stating our current dilemmas without vouchsafing much in the way of remedy. Others, like those on the political process, are boldly prescriptive.

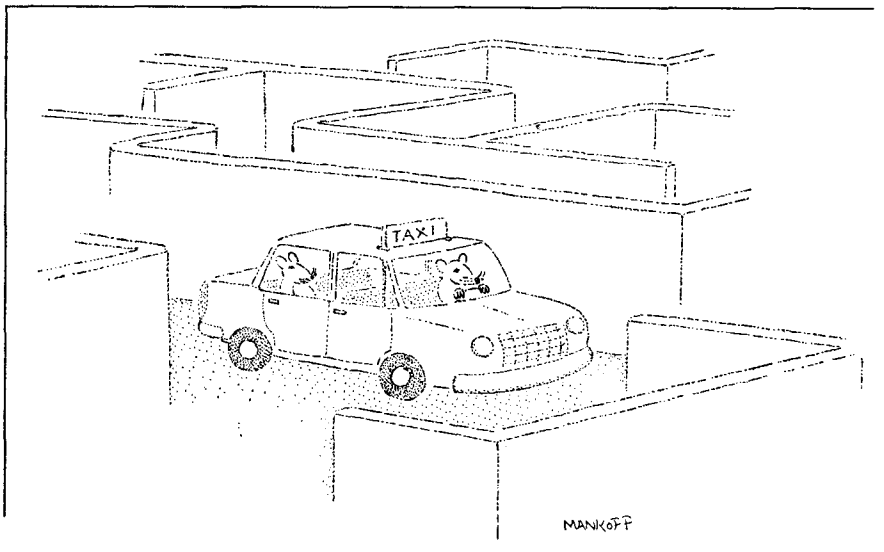
He elaborates the argument he has made before about the dangerous personalization of the presidency, a development he oddly sees as beginning not with T. R. or F.D.R. (or Jackson) but with Eisenhower. Actually, in discussing the growth of presidential power, he might give more credit to Tocqueville than he does. While it is true that Tocqueville in general gravely underrated the potentialities of the presidential office, he also foresaw the impact that involvement in world affairs would have on the presidency. "If the existence of the Union were perpetually threatened," Tocqueville wrote, "if its chief interests were in daily connection with those of other powerful nations, the executive government would assume an increased importance....The president of the United States possesses almost royal prerogatives, which he has no opportunity of exercising." Foreign crises have given presidents precisely that opportunity and thereby created the Imperial Presidency.

McCarthy's reform program shows how solidly his apparent radicalism is founded on deep conservatism. A recurring theme is the virtue of "representative" government as against direct popular choice. He argues, for example, that presidents should be chosen by a small group of eminent persons "after the democratic process has run to reasonable limits." "Popular judgment of qualifications," he writes, "becomes more difficult as the issues of government become more complex." His solution is to refine the representative process "so that persons better qualified or fully qualified to pass on presidential qualifications would pass that judgment." Let us divide the country into 2,000 or 2,500 presidential electoral districts, and let each district choose a person "well known among the small constituency, someone who would be trusted by them and held responsible." The decisive political event would no longer be the party convention but the meeting of the Electoral College. "If compromises are to be made, it would be better to make them in a meeting of the Electoral College than in the conventions of the two major political parties, after which two compromises are offered as the choices of the people." This is delegation with a vengeance; but McCarthy even regards popular election of senators as "a ... retreat from representative government."

America Revisited treats *Democracy in America* as a whole, without noting the significant differences between the first volume, published in 1835, and the second volume, published five years later. In its pervading melancholy, McCarthy's book reflects more the tone of Tocqueville's second volume than that of the first. Nearly a century and a half after Tocqueville, McCarthy concludes that "social, economic, and political institutions in the United States are not operating effectively" and wonders, "How far have we gone down the road toward destroying ourselves as civil and social beings?"

I am surprised however that the author, a part-time poet, did not do anything with Tocqueville's remarkable speculations about the future of American literature or with his provocative comments about the role of women in American life. And if Senator Neely, of West Virginia, an inveterate Eisenhower baiter, really said in 1956, after Eisenhower's heart attack, "When God puts His hand on a man, Matthew Neely takes his away," he was plagiarizing a remark Thomas Hart Benton had made a century earlier about John C. Calhoun ("When God Almighty lays His hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir"). Still, *America Revisited* is well worth reading, both to remind us of the trenchant wisdom of Tocqueville and to see how our contemporary problems look to a man of McCarthy's wide experience and caustic intelligence.

Together, Garry Wills and Eugene McCarthy illustrate that American history is indeed far from a finished story. ◉



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Eastern Mountain Time

The Snow Leopard
by Peter Matthiessen
Viking, 400 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Paul Zweig

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, in a splendid account of his travels through eastern Africa, Peter Matthiessen told of a local belief that a baobab tree stood within living memory where man had been born. This legendary tree became the emblem of Matthiessen's journey, a reminder of what he would look for in the African wilderness, as he had looked previously in the Amazon jungle of Brazil and in the highlands of New Guinea. He would look for a way to climb that tree into a world where time had not begun, where nature, in its blind impersonality, had not yet taken notice of man.

For almost two centuries, wilderness writers like Thoreau, Melville, and Charles Doughty sought to elude time in forests, on oceans, and in great deserts. The time they fled was manufactured by "civilized" man in Europe and America. It showered from church towers, from clocks on mantelpieces, from wristwatches. "Progress" was a name given by some to a belief in man's perfectibility. But for others, the word had an overtone of doom, of time gone wild; and sailing the southern seas in the mid-nineteenth century, Melville could have a happy fantasy that there among calm waters and green islands, the first men were still a memory.

For such writers, journeying to wild places was a form of time travel. It testified that man could still detach himself from civilization's linear thrust into a world that was becoming more unnatural every year.

One still feels the mythic power of this scenario in the stories of great explorers and naturalists. We may not agree—we may object to the crude opposition between nature's pure timelessness and man's corruption of it. But the traveler carries us with him anyway, into a secular heaven of empty places and unafraid animals, and we take a larger breath, imagining that we have glimpsed God's world as it was meant to be, before man darkened the glass.

Peter Matthiessen is one of the important wilderness writers of our time. His *The Tree Where Man Was Born* (1972), with photographs by Eliot Porter, is a masterpiece of understated prose and exacting description. Matthiessen has clearly trained himself to see as a naturalist, naming animals Adam never dreamed of. Yet in our day, stories like Matthiessen's are inevitably sad too. For there is not much wilderness left. The primitive peoples who live in cycles of tribal time and start the world again with each generation are being decimated. Now and then, in some remote jungle—most recently, in the cone of an extinct volcano in the Philippines—we discover a handful of families whose world does not yet include us: They are gem miniatures of a former time. The most fragile of all the endangered species is man in his timelessness and specificity.

The journey Matthiessen recounts in *The Snow Leopard* takes him to the remotest highlands of Nepal, among mountains that few Europeans have ever seen. Yet even there, after weeks of exhausting foot travel from the nearest trace of civilization, he discovers pitiful signs of slash-and-burn agriculture on desperately marginal lands. The mountain streams are loaded with the brown rubble of erosion; the millennial forests of the Himalayas are retreating. There is a note of elegy in Matthiessen's account but also a correspondingly fierce pleasure when the beauty of a high mountain scene stills all thought:

> Wind brings swift, soft clouds from the south that cast shadows on the snow. Close at hand a redstart comes to forage in the lichens, followed soon by a flock of fat rose finches. I do not stir, yet suddenly all whir away in a gray gust, and minutely I turn to see what might have scared them. On a rock not thirty feet away, an accipitrine hawk sits in silhouette against the mountains, and here it hunches while the sun goes down, nape feathers lifting in the wind, before diving after unseen prey over the rim of the ravine. Then the great lammergeier comes, gold-headed and black-collared, a nine-foot blade sweeping down out of the north; it passes into the shadows between cliffs. Where the river turns, in a corner of the walls, the late sun shines on a green meadow, as if a lost world lay in that impenetrable ravine, so far below. The great bird arcs round the wall; the sun glints on its mantle. Then it is gone, and the sun goes, the meadow vanishes, and the cold falls with the night shadow.

This is Matthiessen at his best: The evocation is so precise it becomes luminous; the "lost world" glimpsed in the valley below reverberates quietly, a reminder that the balance of perception that creates the scene is itself fragile and teetering, almost obliterated.

The Snow Leopard is based on the journal Matthiessen kept during his trek with the field biologist George Schaller to the Crystal Mountain, in upper Nepal, in 1973. The trek took them 250 miles to the Land of Dolpo, on the Tibetan plateau, past some of the highest mountains in Asia. The purpose: to observe the November rut of the Himalayan blue sheep in order to determine whether this little-known species is related to the extinct common ancestor of the goat and the sheep. They also hoped to glimpse another animal, so rarely seen that it is almost a myth: the snow leopard, which comes to stand in Matthiessen's mind for a grail of fulfillment.

For Matthiessen's journey out of time is not only a naturalist's venture into one last wilderness but also an attempt to come to terms with a spiritual longing that had taken possession of him several years earlier (while studying under a Zen master) and reached a climax when his wife, Deborah, became ill with cancer and suffered for several terrible months before dying. A year after her death, as Matthiessen climbs and descends the narrow mountain trails, his life collects into a flow of places, weather, memories, and the flow becomes a "journey of the heart" bounded by his wife's death. By using the journal form, Matthiessen keeps his reader anchored in this weave of impressions and events; the Himalayas, and Matthiessen's way through them, unfold not as a story but as a filled space of perceptions.

YET MATTHIESSEN is not content to observe. Repeatedly he strains to see through the high mountain scenes into a place of illumination, outside time and death. He quotes traditional Tibetan religious texts and prefaces each section of his book with mystical epigraphs. He interprets every happy moment as a glimpse of the freedom he seeks and every angry, depressed moment as a failure of his spiritual apprenticeship. At times, this gives his writing a driven, almost hallucinatory quality that I found moving, as when, looking at a lizard sunning itself on a rock, he is seized by an inexplicable fear:

> Rock, and snow peaks all around, the sky, and great birds and black rivers—what words are there to seize such ringing splendor? But again something arises in this ringing that is not quite bearable, a poised terror,

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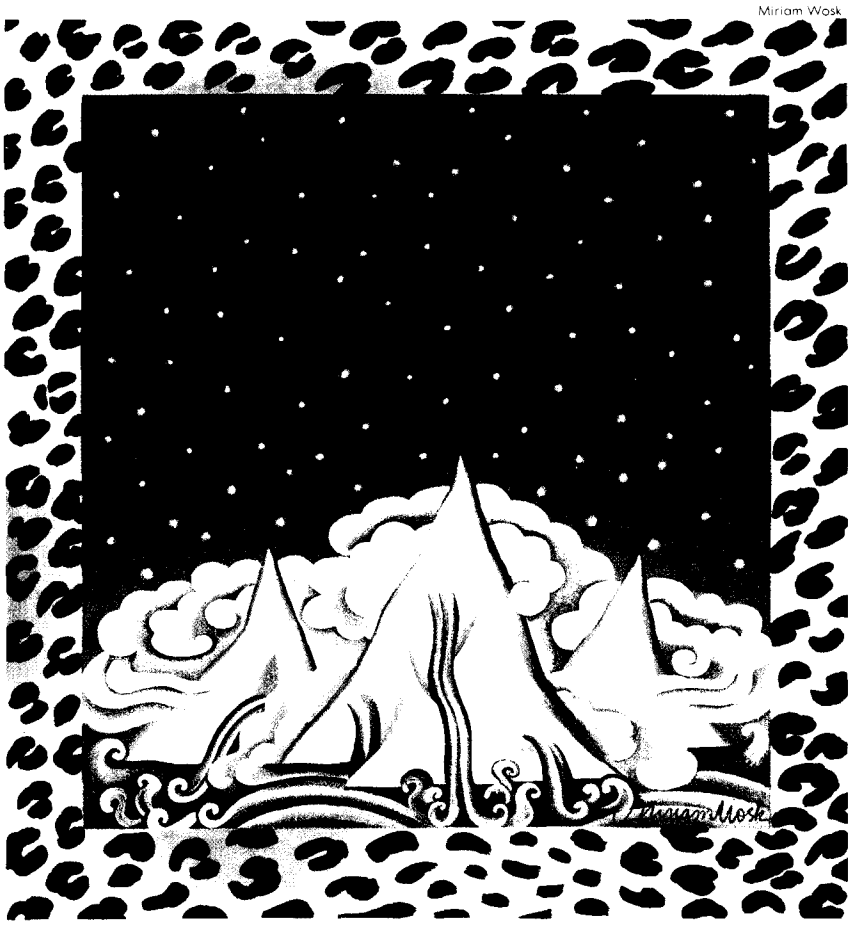

as in the diamond ice that cracks the stone. The brain veers, the sun glints like a weapon. Then Black Canyon writhes and twists, and the Crystal Mountain looms as a castle of dread, and all the universe reverberates with horror. My head is the sorcerer's skull cup full of blood, and were I to turn, my eyes would see straight to the heart of chaos, the mutilation, bloody gore, and pain that is seen darkly in the bright eye of this lizard.

Then lunacy is gone, leaving an echo. The lizard is still there, one with its rocks, flanks pulsing in the real time of eternity, in the star heat that brings warmth to our common skin.

This is a magnificent passage, yet the impulse that produced it creates a problem in Matthiessen's account, for the spiritual quest that directs his sensibility on this trek through the Himalayas tends after a while to sound like a program. All too often, in the midst of intense personal descriptions, Matthiessen lapses into clichés of Zen psychology, which read like footnotes attached to real experiences that didn't need to be explained so neatly. For example, one day he sees a feather lying on a path and is transfixed by this emblem of flight strewn among the stones. One understands such moments of splendid concentration, when the world appears in a grain of sand and eternity, in an hour, as William Blake once wrote. But for Matthiessen, the experience itself—gripping, transient, paradoxical—isn't enough; he must transform it into evidence that he has learned a lesson: "And there comes a piercing intuition, by no means understood, that in this instant, in all instants, transience and eternity, death and life are intermingled, and all one. Why is this tantra so exciting?" This didactic thread ties Matthiessen's journal together, making it predictable and finally impersonal, for every event has its moral: "Confronted by the uncouth specter of old age, disease and death, we are thrown back upon the present, on this moment, here, right now, for that is all there is."

In his anxious search for evidence that he is "on the path" of the snow leopard and the freedom the animal represents for him, Matthiessen becomes fascinated by one of his Sherpa guides, Tukten, who he decides is a bodhisattva, a hidden Buddhist master. It is a troubling fantasy, a moving one, but it doesn't serve to make Tukten more present in the book. Rather, it burdens him with accretions of speculation. What happens to Tukten happens to Matthiessen himself. And this is a shame, for when Matthiessen allows his experience to speak for itself, his journey tingles with power, as in this haunted account of the passage along a foot-wide ledge in a cliff. Matthiessen has managed to inch his way past the worst part and now leans, exhausted, waiting for his porters to catch up:

For some time now, the chattering, laughing voices of the B'on-pos have been coming up behind. At that dangerous point of the cliff, an extraordinary thing happens. Not yet in view, the nine fall silent... Then one by one, the nine figures round the point of rock in silhouette, unreal beneath big bulky loads that threaten each second to bump the cliff and nudge them over the precipice. On they come, staring straight ahead, as steadily and certainly as ants, yet seeming to glide with an easy, ethereal lightness, as if some sort of inner concentration was lifting them just off the surface of the ground. Bent far forward against the tump lines around their foreheads, fingers spread wide by way of balance, they touch the cliff face lightly to the left side, stroke the north wind to the right. Light fingertips touch my upper leg ... but their intensity is such that they seem not to distinguish between cold rock face and warm blue jeans. Mute, unknowing, dull eyes glazed, the figures brush past... leaving behind in the clear air the smell of grease and fires. When the bad stretch is past, the hooting instantly resumes, perhaps at the point that they left off, as if all had awakened from a trance.

The Snow Leopard contains many such passages, in which the naturalist, the spiritual apprentice, and the writer converge simply and dramatically. For all the difficulty Matthiessen encountered in working out his "journey of the heart," these passages save the book, making it a truly vivid account of Himalayan travel. ◉

Paul Zweig is chairman of the comparative literature department at Queens College. He is author of The Adventurer; Three Journeys: An Automythology; *and several books of poetry.*

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 152

William Hedgepeth:
The Hog Book

As a rule, sows are more gentle and courteous than boars, except when aroused by what seems a threat to their young, in which case sows have been known to fight off bears and wolves, and on at least one occasion..., a rabid caterpillar tractor.

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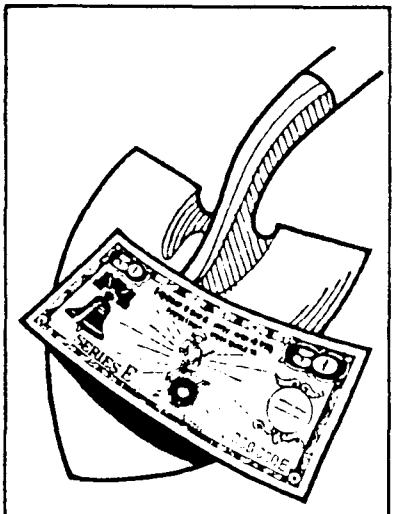

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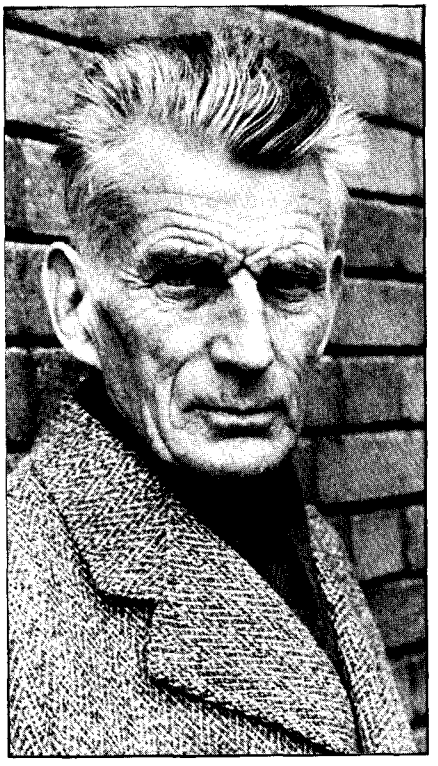
A Callithumpian Life

Samuel Beckett: A Biography
by Deirdre Bair
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 752 pp., $19.95

Reviewed by Hugh Kenner



ONE REASON FOR Beckett's partiality to the letter *M*—witness that battered parade, Murphy, Molloy, Moran, Malone, Mahood, and (inverting the letter) Watt, Worm—is that *M* is the thirteenth letter of the alphabet. Thirteen is one of his more obvious props, like the clown's red nose. Moreover, he has always maintained that he was born on Good Friday the thirteenth, 13 April 1906. That is certainly the date Beckett observes, or rather suffers friends to observe on his behalf.

But aha, cries Deirdre Bair in the first paragraph of this callithumpian Life, there exists a birth certificate, Irish it is true, and it says 13 May (which not only was not Good Friday but fell on a Sunday). Having caught her man and a document in contradiction, she doesn't quite know what to say next but says it for 400 words. The upshot seems to be that Beckett enjoys confusing inquirers with "symbol, correspondence, parallel—whatever."

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There you have, in microcosm, the character of Bair's book. She's spared no research, yet she's unsure what to make of her subject: Is he tricky, forgetful, irresponsible, a mythologizer, or merely humorous in an Irish fashion? As for a terminology to handle the way Beckett's writings *mean*, "symbol, correspondence, parallel—whatever" are all one to her, though she doesn't hesitate to wield tools forged by specialists in schizophrenia.

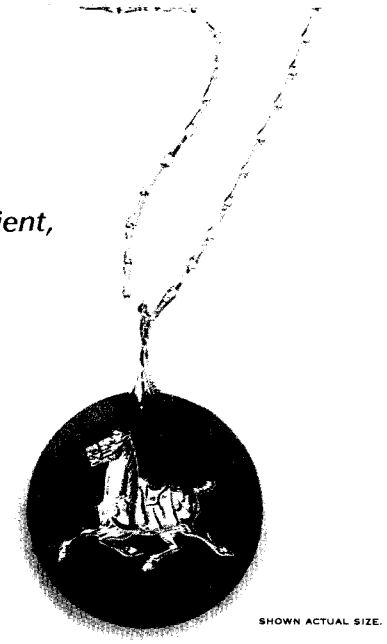
Research has been diligent. "He was a pale, sickly baby, long and thin, crying constantly, decidedly different from his robust and placid older brother." The note to this single statement cites dated interviews with five people, none of whom, come to think of it, is old enough to remember the infant Sam. As much as Good Friday the thirteenth, it was tradition they were retailing, and though the statement has every likelihood of being true, we should bear in mind that even clamped down with five references, hearsay remains hearsay. *Samuel Beckett* by its very nature is largely hearsay (another word would be gossip): diligently collected, cross-checked where possible, and arrayed in serviceable if unathletic sentences.

The narrative's main outlines are familiar: a prosperous middle-class Protestant upbringing, attendance at Portora and Trinity, decades of drift (amid which a relationship of some kind with James Joyce in Paris), work with the French Resistance, and flight to the Unoccupied Zone. Then back in Paris for the siege of creativity that issued in a cluster of great works: *Waiting for Godot* and the *Molloy-Malone-Unnamable* trilogy. Finally, obscurity, delayed fame, controversy, total reclusiveness, the Nobel Prize. But all these events resemble Beckett's protean birthdate in changing shape under the relentless hail of testimony elicited by Bair. What has been altered by that testimony and how is fascinating.

Thus in *Samuel Beckett: Poet and Critic* (1970), Lawrence Harvey let us see, presumably at Beckett's prompting, how bleak it was in the Unoccupied Zone. Beckett worked, we learned, for a farmer named Bonelli "and received wine in exchange for his labors. One triumph of this period was receiving permission to glean in a field after a potato harvest. Under conditions prevailing in those days, finding a potato in the sea of mud was like finding a gold nugget."

But in Bair's version, Bonnelly (so spelled) habitually sells his wine (at inflated prices) and has little to do with Beckett, who bewilders him; the glean-

Crafted in the Orient, of precious jade and solid gold . . .



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ing of the field is pronounced "apocryphal" and vistas of mud, privation, and solitude yield to tensions in a bizarre community of refugees where people "had adequate food, never lacked wine and seldom went without cigarettes." With the aid of remittances from his family in Ireland, Beckett, we learn, "was extremely comfortable and never lacked for food."

For his work in the Resistance, 1940–42, he later received the *Croix de Guerre* with gold star; the citation, signed by President de Gaulle, correctly calls him "a man of great courage." He didn't tell Professor Harvey about that, nor any of his close friends; Bair learned of it from the painter Francis Picabia's daughter Jeannine, who had headed Beckett's *réseau*, or resistance network, code named *Gloria*.

And from many other witnesses Bair has pieced together a mosaic of baffling glimpses at the brooding presence in Beckett's life, his mother, May, whose frequent strategy, right up to her death, when Sam was forty-six, "was to write in detail of problems and illnesses she knew would infuse him with guilt, but to say nothing of the outcome or disposition of anything." She once dragged Sam back from Europe with hints about the illness of a Kerry Blue terrier and then had the dog chloroformed anyway without telling him. She next took to her bed in hysteria, compelling Beckett to calm and nurse her, to repress his rage over the dog, and to feel his soul grappled to May's with further hoops of steel. No wonder his every sojourn in Ireland during his twenties and thirties brought on grotesque psychosomatic symptoms.

"You might say I had a happy childhood," Beckett once told Alec Reid, "although I had little talent for happiness.... My father did not beat me, nor did my mother run away from home." As deliberately worded as any Beckett utterance, this one is in strict correspondence with the facts, which are that his mother beat him frequently while his father often was not visible "from weekend to weekend, except briefly at breakfast."

She beat him once till her hand swelled, then finished up with a stick. A much repeated offense was "one of Sam's favorite games": to climb to the top of a pine tree and throw himself down, "arms and legs spread-eagled, willing himself to fly, until at the very end of his free fall, when he hoped fervently that one of the broad lower branches would stop him before he slammed into the ground." Bruised over and over, he never broke any bones.

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Q W C D - Q J A Z K D K A W

W X J O C W Q F Q G B

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Bair may be right in surmising that he was testing his stoic will against his mother's. But we may be right too if we discern in free fall the rhythm of many a Beckett play, which so defies theatrical common sense that it ought to be deadly but isn't. A woman buried to her neck in sand, how can that hold an audience? It does though, in *Happy Days*—thanks to the steely self-control of both author and actress—for what seems both an eternity and too short an evening. Time would go like that if you were falling out of a tree.

WHAT WE'D BEST not do is cherish the possibility that *Happy Days* is the author's revenge on his mother or that the actresses his recent scripts have put to such discomfort—one of them strapped to a chair at his instructions and gripping an iron bar till the skin came off her palms—are surrogate mothers. Though Bair draws no such inferences, her prefatory nudge wants examining.

She undertook the biography, she says, much against the subject's will, out of dissatisfaction with existing studies of his writings, in which she discerned a lack of "solid responsible scholarship," a category in which she apparently doesn't include attention paying to the texts. Hence her offer of "a factual foundation for all subsequent critical exegesis."

This plants the axiom that exegesis (not quite the right word) is reared upon the facts of an imaginative writer's life—facts, moreover, to which we are entitled whatever his protests, since otherwise what can we hope to make of his work? Clearly *Hamlet*'s problems would have evaporated if only Shakespeare had been pursued by a Bair.

We footnote *Hamlet* now because words and customs change. We may meditate on it at length, even publish meditations; if we are wise, we avoid "explaining" it. Other works—*Ulysses*, *The Cantos*—have come into the world needing notes. Beckett's plays and fictions did not, nor are they like *Everyman* in having a "meaning" we are teased into stating. But their polished surfaces, sentence by beautiful sentence, curve away like a planet from viewer and reader, to whose presence they are disturbingly indifferent. (An O'Casey play isn't indifferent to us, nor is a Frank O'Connor story.)

In the terminal silence, we feel obscurely impelled to do something, say something—something not inappropriate, not unworthy. We all do. But the good critic does not explain or interpret, he simply helps other readers to shape their testimony.

In *Footfalls* (1976), a woman paces, paces—and has removed carpet from the pacing area for acoustic reassurance. ("No, Mother, the motion alone is not enough. I must hear the feet, however faint they fall.") The mother isn't seen—a voice offstage—and we come to understand that the pacing woman whom we seem to see is not there. Her monologue and the mother's interpenetrate and shape an elusive story about a child. However we think about all this—and we must—our thoughts are driven back to playhouse reality—the lights, the boards, the sounds—as a stereoscopic illusion collapses repeatedly into a pair of photographs.

Illusion, though, illusion within illusion, that's the essential. And to this haunting achievement Bair brings something an earwitness told her: that Beckett's mother too paced the house by night, had removed carpet too. What Beckett did with this was conceive the play. What his biographer does is pronounce that *Footfalls* indulges "an autobiographical swell that he had kept under control for many years" and is "primarily one version of May Beckett's insomnia," and that is that.

Oh, yes—there is also in *Footfalls* "a curious story of a girl named Amy (an anagram of May?)." That curious story epitomizes the enduring fascination of Beckett, whose work abounds in just such barely assimilable subplots that push what we think we understand into mystery. To suggest that he wrote a few pages on his mother's insomnia and then threw in that curious story is to make him a tease, or a charlatan, or simply compulsive.

I'll add that I first met Beckett in 1958, have seen him perhaps a dozen times since, and don't recognize him under any of the above guises. Nor do I find the man I've known in other parts of this book. That may be my imperceptience. But it's stark insensibility, I'll say, that won't find in the pages of his works the hard facts that make Sam Beckett unforgettable. There—and not among anyone's notes drawn from 300 plus interviews—the enigmatic plots, the cadenzas, the precisions of diction, the undeformable sentences, are locked down by a shaping craft that none of his troubles—not illness, nor obsession, nor neglect, nor even fame—has ever deflected. ◉

Hugh Kenner, who teaches at Johns Hopkins University, is the author of two books on Samuel Beckett.

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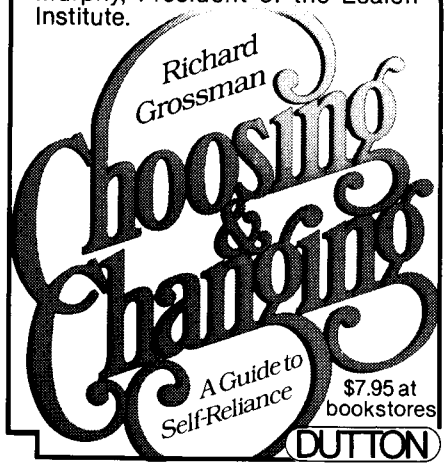

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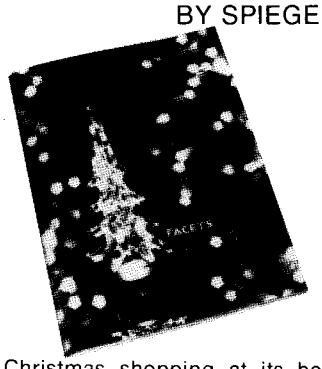

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Doomed to Success

Jack's Book: An Oral Biography of Jack Kerouac
by Barry Gifford and Lawrence Lee
St. Martin's, 320 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Bruce Cook

THERE WAS an inevitability to Jack Kerouac's life that gave it in shape and substance the quality of myth. With the publication of *On the Road* (1957), it seemed that Kerouac had been predestined, singled out by fate or whatever literary gods there are, to startle America with a work of considerable originality, one that spoke so loudly and eloquently for a minority that it would eventually serve to forge a new majority. With that book, Kerouac became the focal figure of the Beat Generation, though certainly not its leader, for such a chaotic collection of individualists as that one was simply could not be led. As his successive novels glorifying the camaraderie were published—*Dharma Bums*, *The Subterraneans*, *Desolation Angels*, and the rest—Kerouac managed to establish himself briefly as a talent to be reckoned with, a new American novelist who spoke directly to the younger generation. Afterward—as the Beat merged into the hippie and a counterculture was born—he was doomed by the bitch goddess, condemned to live out the disastrous personal consequences of his own success, consequences that drove him to an alcoholic death, in 1969.

His life was a peculiarly American version of that of the old *poète maudit*. No Baudelaire or Verlaine ever took his vocation more seriously or squandered his life more recklessly in its service than did Kerouac. Reading the story of his life in *Jack's Book*, artfully assembled as it is in a mosaic of recollections by his friends, you can't help being struck by the romantic and rather old-fashioned conception of the poet that lies at the heart of it. Unlike so many writers of the Sixties and Seventies, Kerouac didn't want power—in fact, he had no idea what to do when he was "elected" leader of the Beat Generation. All he wanted was the opportunity to write and to be read. And of course he got that chance. Not many of his contemporaries can point to a body of work the size of the one he left. And if it is of an uneven quality (some of it brilliant in conception without being competent in execution, and some of it simply bad), it includes at least one modern classic: *On the Road* will continue to be bought and read by young people in America long after the last of the Hobbits has hobbled off into obscurity.

Barry Gifford and Lawrence Lee call this "an oral biography," which may suggest to some that it is just a loose collection of interviews with people who knew Kerouac. But *Jack's Book* is a good deal more than that. Taken simply as biography, it is first rate—imparting sufficient detail to evoke a sense of Kerouac the man without overburdening us with the kind of day-to-day minutiae that the general reader would just as soon do without. It offers a shifting point of view of Kerouac with excerpts from the interviews that provided the material for the biographical narrative. We often get subtly different versions of the same scene or episode a la *Roshomon*, which give the book the flavor and depth of good fiction while keeping it in the limits of literal truth.

Gifford, an editor of the *San Francisco Review of Books*, and Lee, a local talk show host, deserve special credit for the quality of their research. They got to all the figures of the Beat Generation one would expect to hear from—Allen Ginsberg, William S. Burroughs, Gregory Corso—yet they did not neglect the lesser actors in the drama. For instance, the section on Kerouac's early years in Lowell, Massachusetts, is the most complete and quite the best account to date of that important phase of his life.

Kerouac's years in New York City and on the road, so rich in experience and so well mined by the writer himself, are given the fullest treatment here. And the authors have been just as diligent in seeking out the supporting players. Some of them—Luanne Henderson, Carolyn Cassady, and Lucien Carr—have more to offer in the way of information and insights than do the famous literary protagonists. My only objection to the handling of the long middle section, and for that matter of the entire book, is that once Neal Cassady (the frenetic Dean Moriarty of *On the Road*) makes an appearance, he grabs the spotlight so effectively that for a while *Jack's Book* becomes "Neal's Book."

Fortunately, in the last section the focus is unremittingly and relentlessly on Kerouac. And to see him absolutely crushed by the weight of his success, collapsing into alcoholism, is not just saddening, it is also chastening and even a little frightening. The novelist John Clellon Holmes, looking back on Kerouac's long, dismal downward spiral, puts his finger on his friend's tragic flaw and wisely reveals it as his truest strength:

> I'm not sure that if you handle fame, you deserve it. He deserved it because he was a great writer, in my opinion, but there was nothing in his personality that could handle it, that could be judicious about it, that could say, "Well, I understand they're not talking to me, they're talking to their idea of me." That's what made him good.

Earlier, another writer, Joyce Glassman, had said something similar and put it even more simply: "I admired his spontaneity. I envied it." I have heard the same thing said by writers as different from Kerouac as Christopher Isherwood and Reynolds Price. Writers admired his talent and respect it still, for he was an original. Readers are attracted to him for the same reasons, and they will continue to read a few of his books for years to come. Only the critics held out against him in his lifetime, and even they—those masters of hindsight—seem gradually to be coming around now. An artist of enormous energy, Kerouac created a persona who willed his way to a freedom the writer never personally possessed. ◉

Bruce Cook, a free-lance writer, is the author of The Beat Generation. *His most recently published work is* Dalton Trumbo.

Wit Twister No. 124
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page **38.**

Like — — — — — —,
lightning glints in graying skies,
Fish leap in — — — — — —
just across the bay.
We — — — — — — to the
seagulls' plaintive cries
And, — — — — — —,
watch the waves make silver
spray.
It's time to go. My old bones feel
the chill.
May I — — — — — — your
aid to climb the hill?

Contributed by Mrs. J.L. Lloyd,
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Of Spies and Spy Catchers

Eye of the Needle
by Ken Follett
Arbor House, 313 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Michael Wood

WINSTON CHURCHILL puts down his cigar and speaks softly: "It has taken the total military and industrial might of the whole English-speaking world—the greatest civilization since the Roman Empire—four years to win this *fifty-fifty* chance. If this spy gets out, we lose even that." The fifty-fifty chance is for the successful invasion of Normandy by British and American forces, in 1944, and if the Germans are ready for the onslaught, the odds will be much worse. In order to keep them guessing about the site of the invasion, a vast assemblage of imitation ships, planes, barracks, and equipment, all meant to be whispered about and photographed from the air, has been set up on the east coast of England, which would suggest an attack in the area of Calais. A German spy, however, has discovered the deception and is trying to meet up with a German U-boat in the North Sea. The outcome of the war hangs in the balance.

Such is the frame of *Eye of the Needle*, a deft thriller by Ken Follett, a Welsh journalist and novelist. The German spy's code name is The Needle, and on his trail is one Percival Godliman, a top-flight medieval historian who has been recruited by British intelligence ("Foreigners have spies," as Follett remarks with crisp irony, "Britain has Military Intelligence"). And of course a beautiful girl plays a dramatic role.

The book is smartly put together along lines suggested by Frederick Forsyth and John Le Carré. As in *The Day of the Jackal*, a double narrative focuses on the pursuer *and* the pursued, with the suspense extremely well sustained; and there are cameo appearances by historical characters—in this case, Hitler ("Hitler crossed his hands protectively in front of his genitals, a nervous habit that was a sign that he was about to make a speech"), members of the German high command, and Churchill. The British in *Eye of the Needle* can be just as ruthless as anyone else—being thoroughly careless of lives that are of no practical value to them. There is a nicely rendered sense of England during the war (blackouts, bombing raids, petrol rationing, cups of tea, jolly whimsical humor), a careful dosage of explicit sexual activity, and plenty of cold-blooded violence.

The book is so well done and so enjoyable that I was surprised to find myself not liking it more than I did. There is something unusually heartless about it that comes, I think, from playing the shrewd and disabused British sensibility across the heroic days of World War II. Follett seems to suggest that the Germans really deserved to win because Hitler's hunch was right about Normandy and because the Germans were not so sloppy or self-satisfied as the English. The Needle is not just the hero in the work, he is also the only genuine human being in it. The historical characters and minor figures are neatly executed cartoons, the spy catchers are blurred images of English officialdom, and the beautiful girl is a frisky and courageous piece of wish fulfillment. The spy, on the other hand, throws up every time he kills someone and has an absurd and moving dream in which he is caught shifting his verbs to the end of his sentences and wearing socks with swastikas on them. He loves his country but has no respect for the Nazis. He is a man of charm, ingenuity, and endurance. He has a sense of humor, but above all, a sense of what his life as a spy means:

> He was chronically incapable of feeling safe. He understood, in that vague way in which one sometimes understands the most fundamental things about oneself, that his very insecurity was the reason he chose the profession of spy: it was the only way of life which could permit him instantly to kill anyone who posed him the slightest threat.

As a diagnosis of the mentality of a spy, this is probably not very plausible, but as a piece of ordinary human psychology, it depicts a familiar fantasy of frightened people.

There is absolutely no reason why a German spy should not be the hero of a novel and the most attractive character in the world. There is a reason, perhaps, for us to wonder about the allure of this nervous Prussian James Bond: a clear-eyed professional who has the perfect excuse for his paranoia and a license for murder that allows him to empty his life of everything that is not an expression of his own lonely will. But then, we don't have to like this spy, only recognize him when we meet him outside the pages of a thriller. And we shall do this a little more easily because of Ken Follett's perceptive and sympathetic sketch of The Needle. ●

Michael Wood teaches English at Columbia University and is the author of Stendhal *and* America in the Movies.

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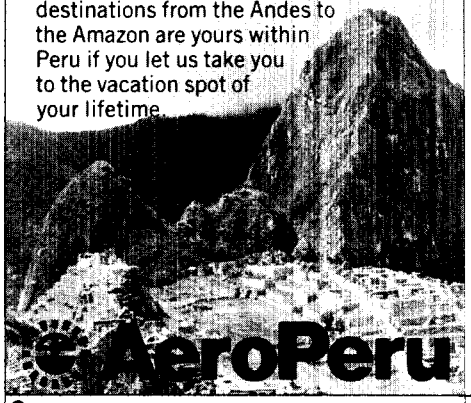

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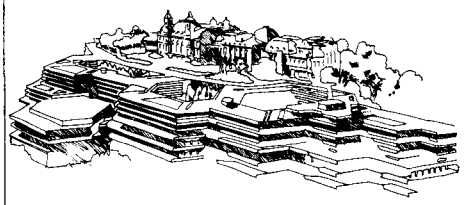

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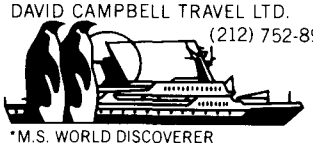

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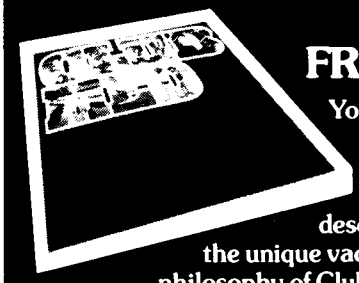

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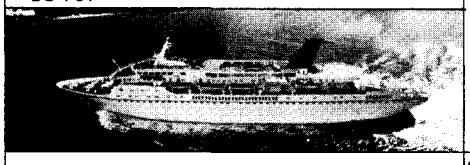

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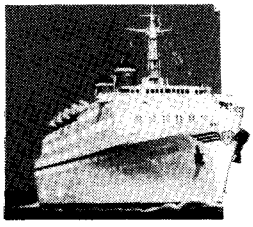

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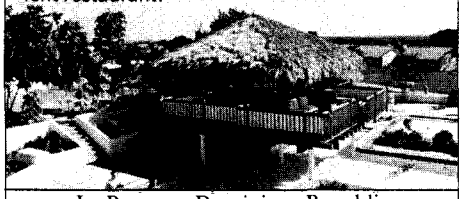

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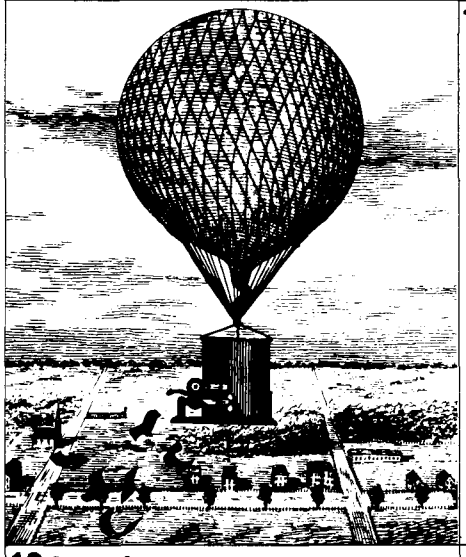

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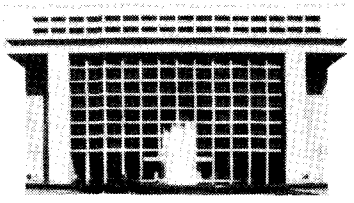

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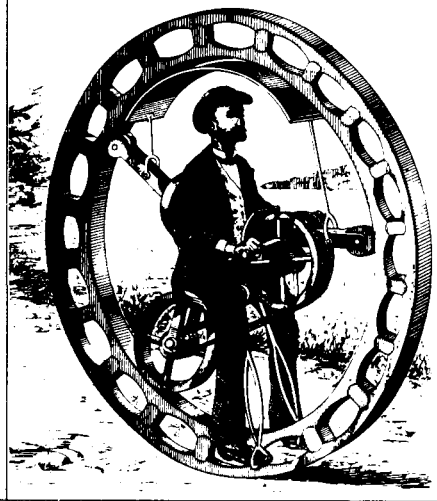

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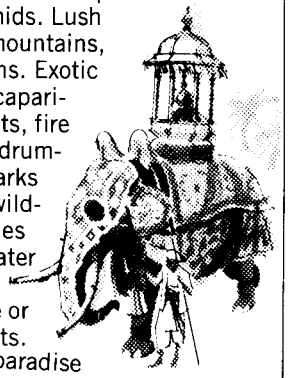

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Books in Brief

The Star Thrower:
The Best of Loren Eiseley
by Loren Eiseley
Times Books, 448 pp., $12.50

As she yields her secrets to science, Nature seems to lose her mysteries. Only an ignorant or exceptional eye still sees magic in the flight of birds or the silken spider web. The late biologist and anthropologist Loren Eiseley had such an exceptional eye. And he memorably describes his sightings in the essays and poems collected here. Eiseley does not merely rhapsodize over nature's beauties; he finds in every natural object, animate or inanimate, touched or untouched by human hand, an epiphany of the mysterious order of things. There is the handsome flint, shaped anciently into a tool that hints at the essential unity of art and science; the fox pup whose unfearing play with Eiseley on the forest floor reveals "the universe as it begins for all things ... a child's universe ... tiny and laughing"; the solitary thrower whom Eiseley discovers casting starfish away from the beach, where the indifferent sea has washed them, to the protection of the deep. From this star thrower Eiseley learns to participate in nature, not just to study it, and to bestow his love upon "not man, but life." "There is nothing," Eiseley concludes, "very 'normal' about nature"; for miracles, mysteries, and the atmosphere of the holy may be found everywhere.

It is impossible to read Eiseley's essays without wincing now and then at the sentimentality. But it is equally impossible to remain cold to the incantatory prose that in every phrase evokes the secrets of life and, even for the unsentimental reader, returns wonder to nature. —JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

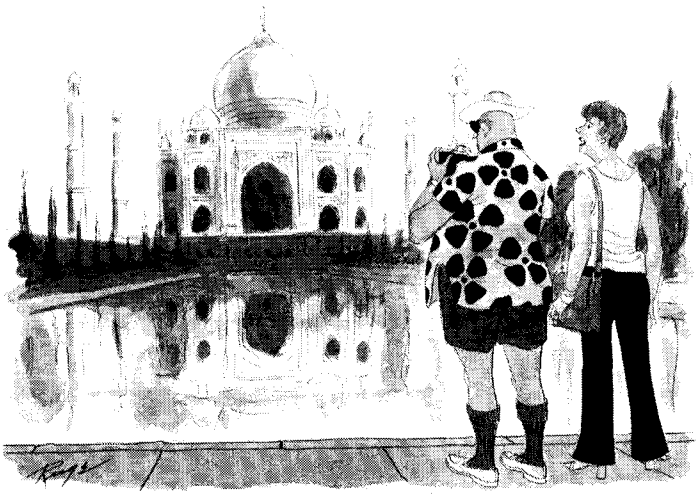
Wheeling and Dealing: Confessions of a Capitol Hill Operator
by Bobby Baker with Larry L. King
Norton, 296 pp., $10.95

If the Bobby Baker scandal is old news, Baker's record of his years in the Senate—and later in jail—will feed today's appetite for scandal mongering. For here is the Senate as few people (at least outside the offices of *The Washington Post*) would imagine it: Moral principles and public interests lie obscured by ploys for money, sex, and power. What is more, if legitimate maneuvers fail to yield these rewards, bribery and extortion are readily substituted.

Or so the Senate appeared to Baker from his position as secretary to the Democratic majority in the 1950s and early 1960s. In fact, Baker, an alert, teachable man familiar to the Senate since his years as a page, not only observed such practices and abetted them but adopted the rationale behind them. Vowing "to out-politic the politicians," he learned to empower and to enrich himself by trafficking in influence both among senators and between them and private lobbyists. Eventually, he became capable of procuring money and votes with the passing of a word, and virtually every Democratic senator turned to him at one time or another. Lyndon Johnson early recognized Baker's insidious authority and solicited it with the chummy acknowledgment, "You know where the bodies are buried."

Baker thus considers his career to mirror the Senate: That august chamber is less a forum for contending political ideals than a commodity exchange where everyone yearns to trade. If this makes the Senate look bad, it is to Baker's purpose, since he resents his mentors for having abandoned him when his seemingly commonplace affairs came under hostile public scrutiny.

Scandal mongering aside, there is something of lasting worth here. That is Baker's portrayal (cast in Larry King's vigorous if vulgar prose) of how competing interests become reconciled in the legislative process. For whether or not standards of conduct in the Senate have improved since Baker's days there—as surely they have—Baker has given us a glimpse into some of the ways that a government of laws is necessarily a government of people. —J. S. A.



"Any man who'd go to all that trouble and expense for his wife must have had something to hide!"

The Challenge of the Mahatmas
by Martin Green
Basic Books, 256 pp., $10.95

Through a series of books on what he calls "cultural psychology," Martin Green has explored the cultures of England and America, and his own place within them, while wending his way toward many a scholar's unspoken goal: to become a sage. Now he drops all pretense of disinterested scholarship, for he has hit upon an idea he thinks capable of redeeming both his own life and that of his ailing native England. This idea is to discredit the "lust for power" he believes has impaired Western culture; and to do this will require no less than three volumes. The first is devoted to the spiritual teachers, or mahatmas, Tolstoy and Gandhi, who light the redemptive path. This light is a "spiritual politics" born of an inward-looking moral vision, nourished on asceticism, and directed against Empire, adventure, glory, and elitism.

Although Tolstoy was the first to set forth these ideals, his avowed disciple Gandhi occupies most of Green's pages. A visit to India convinced Green that Gandhi stood for a philosophy of life, politics, and art that joined the benefits of modernity to spirituality. But Green found that even India had betrayed the Gandhian vision after the mahatma's death by adopting—to no great success and to the confusion of India's cultural identity—the Western praise of rationality, energy, and materialism.

Green brings to his subject a sharp eye for cultural patterns—his pages on Indian society are the best in the book. Yet he also brings a meandering and self-absorbed imagination that puts in doubt his merits as a sage, whatever his merits as an observer. —J. S. A.

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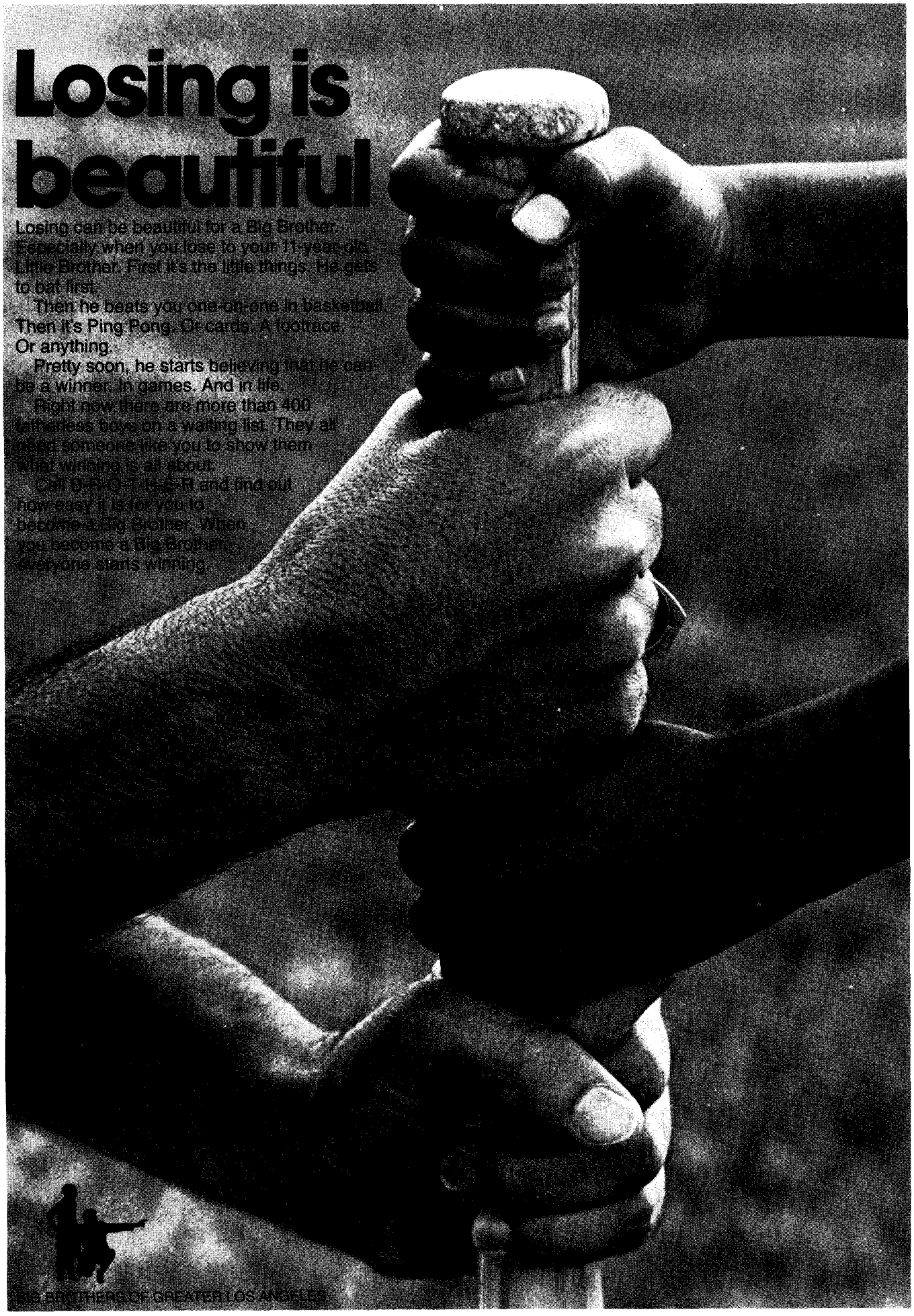
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FINE PRINT

Two Blue-Pencil Geniuses

by Doris Grumbach

"A book must be done according to the writer's conception of it as nearly as perfectly as possible, and the publishing problems begin then. That is, the publisher must try not to get the writer to fit the book to the conditions of the trade, etc. It must be the other way around."

—Maxwell Perkins to M. K. Rawlings
1937

"The editor is called upon to play many roles, because with each new manuscript he is confronted with a new set of ideas, the projection of a new personality, and the necessity of adapting himself to a new form. His is therefore a flexible mind, ever remembering that each new book with which he deals is an entirely new entity."

—Saxe Commins
Speech at Columbia University
1944

CREATIVE, deeply concerned, hardworking editors like Maxwell Perkins and Saxe Commins are still in the book-publishing world. So it is good for readers to be reminded by two new books—*Maxwell Perkins: Editor of Genius*, by A. Scott Berg (Dutton, $15), and *What Is an Editor? Saxe Commins at Work*, by Dorothy Commins (University of Chicago Press, $10)—of how much an editor can improve a manuscript and, what is more, how demanding, egotistic, and ungrateful writers tend to be to the editors who publish them.

Max Perkins worked for Charles Scribner's Sons for most of his adult life. An extraordinarily conscientious man, he labored at editing manuscripts seven days a week, preferring his office to his home. A. Scott Berg, who is Perkins's first biographer, assigns partial blame for this habit to Perkins's unhappy marriage (which nonetheless endured). His was an all-female household, for in addition to his wife, he had four daughters, who were both a pleasure and a source of interruption to his single-minded passion for having a hand in the making of good books.

Perkins's puritanical nature prevented him from pursuing Elizabeth Lemmon, the one woman he really loved. (Intellectually, he seems to have been somewhat of a misogynist, from Berg's evidence, even though the biographer thinks Perkins's dislike of women was verbal foolery.) Lemmon and Perkins corresponded throughout their adult lives. She never married and lived alone in a southern mansion in Virginia, which he visited only twice. She saved all his letters carefully—a fortunate parsimony, for much of what Berg knows about his subject comes from them, "the only diary he left." These letters, Perkins's correspondence with his writers, and the remembrances of persons who knew him or worked with him during his 37 years at Scribner's are the materials Berg has used for his full-length portrait of a talented and modest man whose greatest enjoyment in life was "to take on an author at the start or reasonably near it, and then to publish not this book and that, but the whole author."

Perkins's first important "whole author" was F. Scott Fitzgerald. Then, on Fitzgerald's recommendation, he took on Ernest Hemingway, and later, Ring Lardner and Thomas Wolfe. These four provided Perkins and Scribner's with financial rewards and enormous personal problems. Fitzgerald needed reassurance, editorial suggestions (although, as Perkins knew, Fitzgerald was his own best editor), constant advances and loans of money, and help with his chaotic personal life. Lardner overworked, smoked and drank too much, and was ill with tuberculosis. Hemingway required reassurance and sympathy as well as admiration for everything he did and wrote. And Thomas Wolfe, as is well known, was totally dependent on Perkins for the reduction to printable size of his first two mammoth manuscripts, *Look Homeward Angel* and *Of Time and the River*.

To this "list of desperate friends," as Berg calls them, Perkins gave everything: all his time, his affection, his constant concern, and the fine edge of his critical intelligence. Sometimes his writers—Hemingway and Wolfe are examples—turned ingrate.

Berg's biography is sometimes burdened with too much detail and the customary inexorable chronology of today's lesser biographies. He has been careful to follow Perkins's advice to Douglas Southall Freeman: "You must put in everything, and not simply select what is valuable from some purely artistic or literary standpoint." I found myself wishing for somewhat less anecdote, especially the better-known ones, and more depth. Ideally, it would have been nice to find Perkins, who had such a fine editorial hand, portrayed in less awkward and less slangy language: Edmund Wilson's *I Thought of Daisy*, writes Berg, "won the respect of the literary crowd." In one paragraph describing the cutting of Wolfe's novel, characters "are sentenced to the chopping block," and then "instead of propelling the story, the large crew of characters" slow it down.

These are small matters. The twenty-eight-year-old biographer has marshaled much material to bring the editor to life, to prove that lonely, hard-drinking, eccentric Perkins was, as the book's subtitle says, "an editor of genius," a man who recognized that most writers need both psychological and critical attention.

Dorothy Commins has put together a tribute to her husband, Saxe, Random House's great editor. In some ways, hers is a more satisfying book than Berg's, perhaps because she has mixed her own memories and commentaries with Saxe's diaries, journals, and correspondence with his authors.

Saxe Commins was an excellent writer and editor: His stories of his relations with such authors as Robert Penn Warren, William Faulkner, W. H. Auden, John O'Hara, and Isak Dinesen are extremely interesting. He put down his thoughts about manuscripts in office memos and in his journals.

The most distressing part of the book (and it must have been agonizing for Commins as well) concerns his relations with sick, suffering, frightened Eugene O'Neill and his apparent shrew of a second wife, Carlotta. As Perkins aided Wolfe, so the self-effacing Commins served O'Neill as confidant, literary consultant, editor, and adviser on family troubles. He stood by O'Neill during the playwright's last illness, giving his friend the care a good editor who believes in a writer provides.

Lucky for us that books on two such men should appear in the same year. And it's significant that a commercial press and a university press, which often have disparate aims, should issue them. Perhaps the no-man's-land between the two publishing entities is diminishing so greatly that we will be able to tell them apart not by subject matter or treatment but solely by the publisher's imprint. ◉

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TRADE WINDS

Summer Reading

by Walter Arnold

FROLICSOME FRIEZES that fill June book supplement pages with naiads and nereids disporting themselves amid Neptune and dolphins announce summer-reading recommendations. But you never see book sections devoted to fall reading. Or to winter reading. Practically every periodical has its spring books issue, but not spring reading. And there are no summer-books sections, just articles on summer reading. Odd. Yet who ever reads a book, really *reads a book*, during a torpid August in this so-called temperate zone?

Not I, certainly not I. Well, hardly ever. I once started to read W.V.O. Quine's *Methods of Logic* on the beach at Cotuit, but I was just trying to avoid the distraction of bikinis. Anyway, I never finished it, which probably explains why I am still always convinced by the last argument I hear in any discussion. Too much light, too much heat, too many glistering bodies. Like Dante's Paolo and Francesca, I read no more that day.

But when I go to the beach these days, which is very seldom, everybody over the age of twenty-two seems to be immersed in a book, usually some fat paperback best seller, a pseudoepic of other times, other worlds. This year, I suppose one will have to avoid stepping on flocks of *The Thorn Birds* in order to reach the saving waves. Having shelled out a mere $1.9 million in advance for the rights, Avon ought at least to have "dump bins" full of the product and a cash register on every sandy spit. I suppose it will be a blessed change from acres of *Looking Out for #1*; *Getting Yours*; *Power!*; *Success!*; and *Notes to Myself*. But have you ever noticed that no one ever seems to turn a page while "reading" a book at the beach? The whiteness of the pages, I think, makes an excellent reflecting surface.

I realize that there are places other than the beach to read books in August. But like Bartleby the Scrivener, we prefer not to have air-conditioning at home. So August nights are for collapsing in preparation for walking out the front door on days *not* fit for dogs. And reading books is still frowned upon in most offices, especially in publishers' offices. I have never tried reading in an air-conditioned movie house, but it might be the best place for hot new books. And when the air-conditioning is working on the trains, people just sit stunning themselves. When it isn't working, which was often the case on the bankrupt Penn Central (has any public service actually improved in the past 25 years?), people just try to avoid breathing too much.

Fortunately, if you just can't help reading books all the time or find that August is the only month you have the time to read, you'll find that publishers don't take any notice of people like me. Even though they all, like psychiatrists, are out of town in August, trying to avoid reading themselves, they have usually planted plenty of books that are due to come up around now. What if most turn out to be weeds? Even among them we will be able to find some goldenrods or purple loosestrife. But in fact, publishers have two views of equal weight on bringing out books in August: one, that it is the worst month of the year to issue books because nobody is really interested; the other, that it is one of the best times to publish books, especially "big" fiction and newsworthy nonfiction, precisely because there are relatively so few other books being published during that lazy month.

An interesting question is, What books that were published in deep summer, for example in the prewar years of 1914 and 1939, have stood the test of time? From 1914, the year in which W. D. Howells was still the dean of American letters and *Pollyanna* and Booth Tarkington's immortal *Penrod* sold like wildfire, only two novels of August now stand out, on both ends of the literary spectrum: Edgar Rice Burroughs's *Tarzan of the Apes* and Willa Cather's *O Pioneers!* And there were novels in that season by Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, and H. G. Wells. In nonfiction, the serious talk was about Graham Wallas's *The Great Society*. Enough said.

From August 1939, when the Hitler-Stalin pact was signed (just before the guns of September), the only notable work of nonfiction I can spot is, appropriately enough, *Journey to a War*, by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Writing about the Sino-Japanese War, the authors noted that in a conquered but unoccupied Shanghai "life goes on like a watch dropped in a desert." (I should add to this book the appearance of a number of volumes in the then continuing and still indispensable WPA Writers Project Guide to the States series.) The fiction of that season fared better: Thomas Wolfe's *The Web and the Rock*; Rumer Godden's *Black Narcissus*; and Pietro di Donato's powerful *Christ in Concrete*, interestingly just now back in print after many years. One of the biggest best sellers of 1939 was *Mein Kampf*, which is still accumulating unclaimed tens of thousands of dollars in royalties held by the Alien Property Office, in Washington.

And what are the auguries for this month in the present summer, which I trust will not be ominously perfect? Among the hard-cover books scheduled to be published, the ones that seem to me to have a chance of lasting beyond the season include some novels: *The Country Cousin*, by Louis Auchincloss, which is about old New York society in the Thirties; *A Good School*, by Richard Yates (author of *The Easter Parade*), about the ruin of a New England prep school during World War II; and *Miss Rhode Island*, by Norman Kotker, which is about America's search for skin-deep profundities. What looks like a coming Conrad revival may be further stimulated by the release of the recently published *Congo Diary and Other Previously Uncollected Pieces*. In realms other than fiction, the Kinsey Institute study *Homosexualities* will probably be the most important book on the subject for some time. Aside from that, I note *Acting Out: Life in Big City Schools*, by Roland Betts, which is an account of the collapse of New York City's public school system.

As far as paperbacks are concerned, in addition to the epic of the Australian sheepherders (and possibly to "balance" that), Avon is releasing in a five-volume set Leon Edel's masterful biography of Henry James. Appropriately enough, Dell is bringing out an original novel called *V-J Day*, by Alan Fields, although I have no idea how good or bad it is. Some fun may be had with *The Harvard Lampoon Big Book of College Life* and the *National Lampoon's Sunday Newspaper Parody* (their high school parody of a few seasons ago was wonderfully on the mark). Mostly, however, I see titles coming up like *The Tropic of Desire* and *Tender Fire*, which are obviously the products of a long winter's writing. ◉

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Editorial: Target for Taxpayers

SO FAR, the revolt of the American taxpayer has been a skirmish on the periphery. State and local taxes, which have served as the basis for the uprisings of the citizenry, are only marginal compared to the bite out of every dollar taken by the federal government.

The largest single portion of that dollar goes for military spending, which has long since passed the point where it has anything to do with genuine national security. The principal argument being offered these days for a mammoth military budget is not so much that it is necessary for defense as that we don't want to be outspent by the Russians. We are playing a macho game; it is almost as though we have to prove our manhood by outdoing the Russians in pumping money into a military machine.

What makes the game so manic and senseless is that no one thinks to ask where the Russian money is going. It is just assumed that it is all being spent on weapons that could be used against the United States. Have the advocates of megadollars for the military in this country ever stopped to explain to the American people that a large part of the Soviet military budget is connected to its disputes with the People's Republic of China?

Exact figures are not available on the number of Russian soldiers now stationed on the long common border with China. The estimates have ranged from one million to three million men. Whatever the precise size, supplying a major armed force over such a vast distance requires billions of rubles. Thousands of tanks and other heavy military equipment are involved in this particular operation. How is it that such facts are never mentioned when spokesmen for the military in this country rush forward to tell the American people that we must not under any circumstances allow the Russians to have a bigger military budget than our own?

Now we learn that President Carter wants to revert to the civil defense emphasis of the early Sixties because, he says, the Russians are beefing up their own civil defense. One would think we would have learned by now that thermonuclear explosives make a farce out of civil defense in general and underground shelters in particular. It is possible, of course, that the President has been advised that the best way to head off a taxpayers' revolt on federal spending, with the military budget as a prime target, would be to create an atmosphere of national insecurity and tension. If so, the strategy is bound to backfire. Vietnam is too fresh in the American memory for yet another major manipulative venture by government.

Imitation of the Russians is the biggest single weakness in American society today. At one time we prided ourselves on the fact that we had become a model for the rest of the world. But that was before we got into the habit of allowing the Soviet Union to define our standards and values. Perhaps the most dramatic and damaging specific example is the CIA, created because the Soviet Union was engaged in a wide range of undercover activities, including subversion and murder. We deluded ourselves into thinking we had no choice except to do the same. Yet we did have a choice. We could have trained massive searchlights on Russian undercover activities, exposing them pitilessly and remorselessly before the entire world community. Does anyone think that Russian secret operations could have continued if the cover kept being removed? Publicity converts such operations into national liabilities, as the history of our own CIA has demonstrated.

The various books on the CIA that have appeared recently have documented the negative impact on American institutions of its undercover activities. What remains to be done, however, is to document the cost to the American taxpayer. The CIA budget has never been presented to the American people. They have no way of knowing whether the cost to them is one hundred million dollars or fifty times that amount or more. One searches in vain through the U.S. Constitution for any provision under which such secret spending can be legally undertaken.

The American people are not mandated to wreck their own economic system just because the Russians find it necessary to spend well in excess of one hundred billion dollars on their armed forces. Perhaps the time has come for Americans to pay as much attention to federal taxes as they do to property taxes. When they do, they will discover that the government itself is the largest single cause of inflation—and that the military budget accounts for the biggest single chunk of government spending. The concern over high taxes, therefore, is directly related to the fight against inflation. Inflation erodes the value of the dollar faster than people can increase their earnings. The military budget is the one place where substantial reductions can be made without impairing the function for which the money is being spent.

Any scrutiny of the military budget must give proper weight to the cost of, as well as the necessity for, the steady accumulation of holocaust-making weapons. A good authority on these matters is Robert McNamara, who as Secretary of Defense told Congress 10 years ago that a total of 400 megatons of nuclear force can destroy at least three fourths of any enemy's industrial capacity. He explained that a fourfold increase of our nuclear stockpile would destroy only one percent more of the industrial capacity of that same enemy. Beyond a certain point, the use of nuclear force is an excercise in the pulverization of rubble.

It is estimated that the United States now possesses something on the order of 40,000 megatons of nuclear force, or about 100 times more destructive power than is required to devastate any potential enemy. The human mind is incapable of comprehending either this kind of power or its implications. One way of visualizing the size of the nuclear stockpile is to think of 43 million tons of TNT being manufactured every day for 6,000 years—or the time span of recorded history.

The sum total of all that explosive force now resides in our arsenals and is getting bigger every day.

The incredible and outrageous fact is that our leaders are unwilling to say at what point they are prepared to call a halt to the further accumulation of nuclear weapons. But there is no reason why they should not be compelled by the force of public opinion to accept a limit. If we are concerned not just with taxes but with the survival of this nation and its values, we will put at least as much passion into the fight to end the arms race as we do into the effort to bring local expenditures under control.

—N.C.

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TOP OF MY HEAD

The Wincers

by Goodman Ace

OUR PRESIDENT recently announced he is urging Congress to appropriate $12.9 billion to educate grade school children in the basic skills of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Whether big money can by itself stave off the onrush of another generation of illiterates, only the Lord knows. It would take all that plus a miracle, and thus far Jimmy Carter has not demonstrated a propensity for creating miracles. Even though his initials are the same as His.

But at least the $12.9 billion is a start and years past due. I have been living in constant fear that any day now the British will be phoning us and demanding we return their language to them for a job of cleaning, pressing, and parsing. I am certain Miss Connolly would have ruled in favor of it. (Miss Connolly ruled my life through the fifth and sixth grades.) So let's shoot the works.

But only on one condition: The money should be carefully and astutely parceled out and concentrated on eliminating all the "wincers." A "wince" is what you do, for instance, when you hear or read the ever popular "between you and I." Three and a half billion dollars should wipe out that abomination. It would also help if Congress passed a law stating that anyone writing or saying that be charged with using the nominative case after a preposition, subject to arrest, and sentenced to a year in solitary confinement. (Let the arresting officer go to court and explain *that* to the judge.)

Spelling: $2.5 billion. The most heinous crime against children anxious to learn to spell correctly is not being perpetrated in the schools. Where then? On television, that's where. Not a day goes by that a child sitting before a TV set doesn't see and hear one adult ask, "How do you spell 'relief'?" and another reply, "I spell 'relief' R-O-L-A-I-D-S." Similarly, ask any child to spell "cheese," and don't be surprised if he or she replies,"K-R-A-F-T."A small price, $2.5 billion, to stop our summa cum laude graduates of *Sesame Street* from being brainwashed.

Punctuation: $1.8 billion. Punctuation marks brighten up a page. Use them freely, but correctly. Not like this wincer I got in the mail today: "I read you're column in this weeks issu." That's a triple wincer. Miss Connolly would have pounced on that one, saying, "There is no apostrophe in 'your.' Take the apostrophe and put it between the *k* and the *s* in 'this week's.' There is no *e* in 'your.' Put it at the end of 'issue.'" The rest of the letter was complimentary. But it was too late to make up for what went before. Sensitive colon, you know.

Truant officers: $4.2 billion. Reading and 'riting and 'rithmetic, according to the old song, were "taught to the tune of a hickory stick." But from what I've been reading in the papers lately, the hickory stick has changed hands. So what is needed to make certain that our darling little tykes in the grade schools learn to master the skills of the three Rs without having to resort to the skills of karate is an army of kindly, muscular men who can bounce a kid out of bed and right into the schoolroom without violating any of his or her constitutional rights to freedom of choice.

Kids are usually described or pictured dragging their feet to school. (Their skateboards are used primarily for maiming elderly pedestrians.) Going into the Great Unknown can be terrifying, as it was to little Herbie, aged four, who when he got home said to his mother, "I ain't goin' back to school any more." His mother asked why. Herbie said, "I can't read, and I can't write, and they won't let me talk, so what's the use?"

A good part of that $4.2 billion should be spent to change that image of school so it seems like a fun place to go. Commercials on TV would do the trick. They do for muffins, cakes, soda pop, and hamburgers. Why not pictures of schoolhouses,with a voice saying, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. So come to school. Get a little knowledge. Live dangerously.

"Does your child say 'I ain't got'? Well get her some. Or better still, send her to an American school. Every American school has an American flag flying over it. No other country can make that statement.

"You will be welcomed with open arms by every schoolteacher barely living in your community."

Arithmetic: If Miss Connolly were grading this paper, she would have noted by now that of the $12.9 billion allocated I have expended only $12 billion. She would have had me do the whole thing over. That dear lady never heard that in every federally funded project there is an inherent hidden item listed as "cost overrun." She would say to me, "Cost overrun? How do you spell it?" And I would have to reply, "Cost overrun? I spell it G-R-A-F-T." ◉

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

More on "Gay Rights"

by Thomas H. Middleton

RECENTLY in this column [April 15], I objected to the reference to "homosexuals' choice of life-style," a phrase whose implication is that one makes a conscious choice to be or not to be homosexual, whereas almost all human beings are in fact endowed with a sexual orientation that is not of their own choosing. The vast majority of us are fortunate in having the sort of sexuality that leads to the reproduction of the species. One of the paradoxes of homosexuality is that while homosexuality appears abnormal to the heterosexual majority, it seems to be true that every known culture in the world has a homosexual minority. From the perspective of all humanity then, any culture that had no homosexuals would be abnormal.

I suggested this and more in my column. Almost all the response was very gratifying, coming from homosexuals and from the families and friends of homosexuals. There were a couple of mild reproaches along the order of, "People don't want to read about that in your column." But I got one letter that I would like to discuss here:

I was disturbed by your recent column ... "Choice of Life-Style." The arguments seemed to me to be strained and unconvincing, and the conclusions incorrect. To see if I was simply confirming my preconceptions about the subject, I tried an experiment with your words. For homosexual, I substituted the word liar and for homosexuality, I inserted dishonesty. I was interested to see that the article flowed just as smoothly as before.

I could just as easily have used words like: bigot, cynic, anti-Semite, thief,...rapist, adulterer, even murderer. They exist, therefore they are good. You have a vehicle that can justify anything, therefore it justifies nothing.

I feel that homosexuality is as unnatural as murder, which by the way seems to come naturally to many. Making homosexuality respectable will only cause this contagious disorder to spread and infect otherwise well-adjusted and innocent people. Those who condemn themselves because of their homosexual activities do so because the practice is unnatural and pernicious, not because it is frowned upon by their peers.

I think your article has only added to the harm that is done increasingly today by those who proclaim the new permissive slogan: "If it feels good, do it," and I am deeply troubled and saddened by the trend.

Homosexuality, like dishonesty, can bring only harm and heartache to those who practice it, and we do them no favor by confirming their distorted behavior. We would do infinitely better to treat the illness and to assist them in rehabilitation.

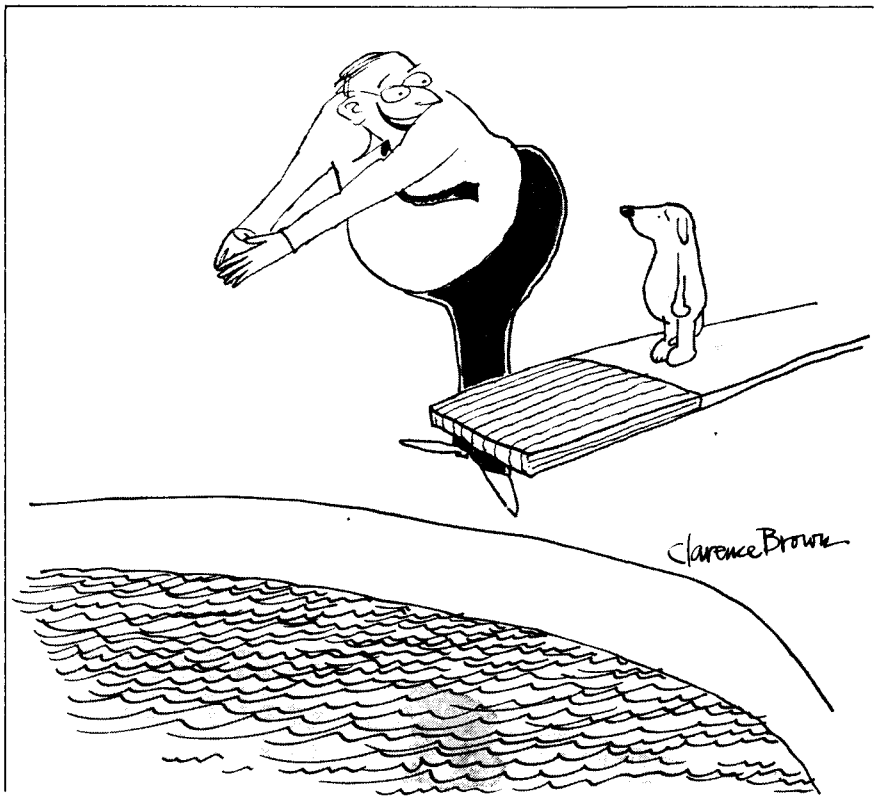
I'm going to protect my correspondent's anonymity because my argument is not with him but with his attitude, which is, unfortunately, a very common one.

Let's deal first with some very obvious flaws in his argument. To put thieves, rapists, and murderers in the same category with homosexuals is outrageous. Thieves, rapists, and murderers all have victims. The cares of other human beings are of little or no concern to them. There are of course homosexual thieves, rapists, and murderers, but it is theft, rape, and murder, and not homosexuality, that are crimes committed against one's fellowman.

I neither said nor implied, "They exist, therefore they are good." Nor did I try to justify anything. What I did say in essence is that homosexuals have no choice but to be homosexuals. According to the vast bulk of evidence, a homosexual—whether he is, as they say, "avowed, practicing," celibate, or married to a member of the opposite sex—is still a homosexual. Recent rulings among the clergy, the judiciary, and the population in general, indicate that most of us would limit homosexuals' options to celibacy or heterosexual marriage. My correspondent is obviously foursquare against lying, yet he would force all homosexuals to be liars—to be false to themselves, their spouses, and their children. That choice of life-style, it seems to me, would be much more likely to "bring only harm and heartache to those who practice it" than would our acceptance of the fact that some members of our world are in this particular profoundly different from, but no better nor worse than, most of us.

Anyone who has been involved in any of the performing arts (I have) has had friends who have killed themselves, suffered humiliation, beatings, and even been murdered because they were homosexual.

I hope that those of you who think this discussion has no place in Light Refractions will bear with me. This is my only platform. I have one more column to come on this topic. I feel deeply about it. ◉



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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

Inting

by Anthony Burgess

I AM BACK in Monte Carlo, where a cool gray summer continues, after visiting Copenhagen, where a fierce, near nightless summer was swelling the tulips manically and making the girls throw their clothes off. If one stays in big hotels, of course, one has no sense of being abroad. One is in Hotelia, the standardized utopia, or cacotopia, that Chum Frink, syndicalized poet of *Babbitt*, hymned:

> When I see the jolly bunch come waltzing in for eats at lunch and sizing up in natty duds to platters large of french fried spuds... why then I want to stand and bawl: I never left my home at all.

The Copenhagen Sheraton admits, in a Walt Disney way, that it is in Denmark and not in Minneapolis. When I checked in, a "lusty, brawling Viking banquet, complete with helmets" was regaling a thousand aged American package deal tourists. Breakfast gave me a negative reminder that I was in the land of great dairy farming enterprise by not offering eggs and bacon. But no ingenuity of curtaining could disguise the truth that this was a northern summer: The sun rose vigorously at 3:10 A.M., and, less vigorously, up rose Burgess. At 4:00 A.M. I was in the Penthouse, where the previous night's drinking was still in progress. One American gentleman was knocking the akvavit hard. He had visited a pig farm, and a porcine monster, an eight-foot triumph of torpedo breeding, had reared itself to its full length to greet him. The protective wire barrier had not been reassuring. It was the size of the damned thing that had unnerved him. He had not expected swine to look like horses.

The occasion of my visit was a media conference. Nearly all the countries of the free world were represented, and the language used was English. How lucky we Anglo-Americans are, not having to learn anybody else's lingo. Inting, as I like to call International English, is a fine flower of evil, the evil being the colonizing spirit that spread the disregarded dialect of a tiny island all round the world. What excellent English the Scandinavians speak. They have to use English as a lingua franca since Finland is part of Scandinavia, and Finnish is far from cognate with the North Germanic tongues of other territories. Why, even at the airport immigration barrier there is a notice saying SCANDINAVIANS ONLY.

Nearly all the free world, I say. The Japanese should have been there but weren't. Because of riots, they were not allowed to use their new airport. Ironic, really, on an occasion that glorified the conquest of barriers to communication. What is a media conference without the Japanese? But no matter. At the next congress there will be magnified stereoscopic images of the delegates, rearing up just like torpedo pigs.

Media, I noticed, was invariably used as a singular, on the analogy of *data* and *phenomena*. The media is; the media was; the media massages. This is an indication of the lack of a humanistic spirit among the media experts. The basic medium, language, dissolves into verbalization with a minimal grammar and no awareness of word origins. In a droned, technological Inting, accidentally humanized only once when a German professor said that the matter must be considered from every angel, I learned about new computer triumphs, videodiscs for all, the death of the Block (or Brick or Bundle or Bibliomorph) of Organized Knowledge—better known by its acronym, BOOK. The production of books is a sin against the environment: all those trees being chopped down to produce myriad copies of Harold Robbins's *The Car Pet Buggers*. There are better ways of conveying information. And what is information? Anything structured, from a female nude to a bus timetable. But the hell with the content; what we're concerned about is the medium, sorry, media.

There seems to be a lot of money available to promote the new electronic marvels, and one presumes that this money comes from people who want more and better and faster information—the people who run the world. My job at the conference was to question the wisdom of making so much information available to these political or financial dictators and to doubt whether the coming wall-size stereoscopophonic telescreens will necessarily frame greater art or profounder scholarship. Few listened, fewer cared. They were there for the reality, the nitty-gritty of the electronics. The thing transmitted was not their concern and was, anyway, a bit of a bore. Let's get on with the means and leave the ends to the other guys—to Goebbels, for instance.

But they're probably right, and I'm probably wrong. Claude Lévi-Strauss and Marshall McLuhan, independently of each other, pursuing diverse disciplines, seem to have come up with the same image of man as a structure-making animal, concerned with grabbing out of the continuum of the phenomenal world elements to be disposed into the media of communication but uninspired by any powerful desire to communicate anything separable from the medium itself. The medium is the message. But a medium, by definition, needs a content. Or does it? What about music? Where's the separable message there? If you're so mad about content, enclose one medium in another medium, and then you can call the enclosed medium a content. Example: Speech is a medium, right? Writing or print symbolizes that medium and becomes a content, but it's still a medium. Scrawl bits of the alphabet in a subway train, make massive sculptured Ts and Vs and Ss, and you're bound to feel the satisfaction of having *conveyed* something. But all you've conveyed is the primary conveyer. Why worry about content? Concentrate on the reality of mediaman.

I've been counting up the number of television sets I possess in the various parts of the world where I've put down the roots of residence, and I make it eight in all—nine, including the one I lent to somebody in New York seven years ago. Why did I ever want these sets? Probably as a substitute for the coal fire I used to gaze into as a child. There's no message available anywhere—except the Audenesque one about loving one another or else dying, which nobody listens to and which the poet himself abandoned. The future of man lies in the proliferation of media. Perhaps that was what the eight-foot pig reared up to tell the man who was drinking akvavit at 4:00 A.M. in the Copenhagen Sheraton Penthouse. ◉

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 113* (see page 48): Self-sacrifice enables us to sacrifice other people without blushing.
—Shaw

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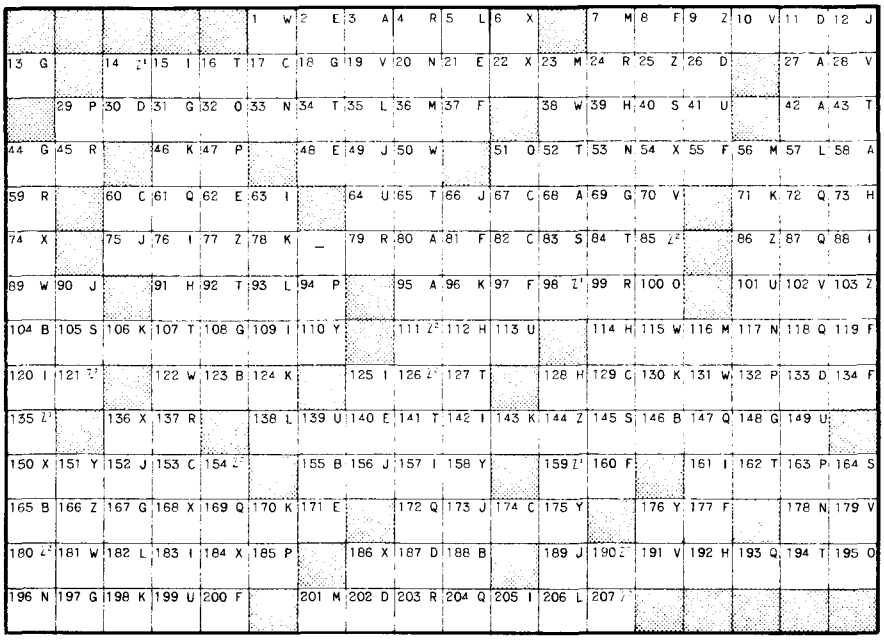
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 153

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions:

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 152*** appears on page 45 .

CLUES	WORDS
A. Fought	3 27 42 58 68 80 95
B. Was at ease	104 123 146 155 165 188
C. Weigh down, burden	17 60 67 82 129 153 174
D. Great hunter	187 11 30 133 202 26
E. Snappy, flashy	62 140 2 21 48 171
F. Composite plant having flowers with white rays and a yellow disk (2 wds.)	177 97 134 200 8 55 81 119 160 37
G. Papua (2 wds.)	18 69 44 108 148 167 197 13 31
H. Crowds	73 91 128 39 112 114 192
I. One of a superior strain of American trotting horses	109 125 161 183 205 15 63 76 120 142 157 88
J. Device that records oceanic depths by sonic waves	90 12 49 66 75 152 173 189 156
K. "A train-band captain eke was he / Of famous ___" (2 wds.; Cowper, "John Gilpin")	170 46 124 78 96 130 198 106 71 143
L. City in the west Netherlands	206 93 138 182 35 57 5
M. Economize, be sparing or frugal	7 23 36 56 116 201
N. Tone color	20 33 53 117 178 196
O. Main or essential part of a matter	32 51 100 195
P. Ransacked and robbed; plundered; stripped bare	185 29 47 94 132 163
Q. Genus of plants comprising the columbines	87 147 204 72 118 172 169 193 61
R. Magic drink of the ancients that banished sorrow, pain, and grief	45 59 203 4 137 24 79 99
S. Was excessively or foolishly fond	105 40 83 145 164
T. The first man, in classical mythology	92 127 162 141 16 43 52 84 34 65 107 194
U. 1936 Shirley Temple film	113 139 41 64 199 149 101
V. Persons or agencies that sell	10 179 28 70 102 191 19
W. Hugged; adopted; received readily	181 122 38 1 115 89 50 131
X. "Thus the ___ of resolution / Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" (2 wds.; *Hamlet*)	168 186 6 136 150 184 74 22 54
Y. Irritably impatient, touchy	158 151 110 176 175
Z. Experience; sustain	103 166 86 25 9 144 77
Z¹. Unbending, inflexible; stern, austere	14 98 121 159 135
Z². Clear, deep green	190 180 154 207 111 126 85

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THE BACK DOOR

Squeeze Play

THE MORE I READ about California's Proposition 13, the more I like it. A cranky, iconoclastic old codger, a classic American "voice in the wilderness," having preached without a congregation for 14 years, suddenly finds himself guru of hordes and hero of the hour. Politicians of all ideological shades find themselves hemming and hawing before party lines are drawn. A California governor demonstrates positively balletic political adroitness by reversing himself on the issue mid-debate, thus protecting his potentially presidential hide. And legislators all over the country are suddenly faced with the appalling prospect of *limited* bank accounts that will not be automatically replenished when overdrawn.

Americans, from grade school history classes on, pay customary homage to "the will of the people." But few Americans, including the framers of the Constitution, have ever felt comfortable with that will in an unadulterated state. And so it was decided that the people would select a small group of wise men who would, in turn, select presidents and senators to make the laws.

The danger of simple majority rule is also its great advantage: Voting passionately rather than cautiously, the electorate can effect radical changes in our governmental habits almost instantly. No matter how vociferously they promise to toss the rascals out, winners of political office are inevitably stymied by the obstinacy and self-interest of other legislators, by custom, and above all, by the need to get things accomplished. Politics, as President Carter has had some difficulty learning, is an art of compromise. A citizen's vote, on the other hand, is a declaration of personal opinion and can be as extreme and uncircumspect as one's conscience will allow. There is no penalty for voting "the wrong way," at least in American democracy.

The adoption of Proposition 13 was a bold and uncircumspect act. A priori, it was an almost impossible measure for any politician or investor in the status quo to support because its effects were unpredictable and possibly disruptive. As the lawyers and lawmakers scurried to make sense of the chaos the proposition's adoption created, it became clear how much more disastrous consequences might have been. But revolutionaries tend not to concern themselves with consequences. Jerry Rubin, when asked where his revolution was heading, answered: "Join us and find out."

Americans may not find where California's and the country's tax revolt is heading for months, maybe years. The impulse behind it is nonetheless worth celebrating. Ever since Franklin Roosevelt introduced Keynesian economics to our federal budget, Americans have not had a clear idea of where their tax dollar was going or what it was purchasing. The government has had to employ those whom the private sector would or could not, not because the government needed more employees but because that invisible beast, the "economy," needed that sort of "stimulation." My maternal grandfather wanted to die without one unpaid bill on his desk. (He succeeded.) Roosevelt and all his successors argued that indebtedness, far from being undesirable, was useful and necessary.

For almost half a century, Americans put up with economics they could not fathom because (a) the economics seemed to work; (b) there were other, larger tasks at hand (such as wars); and (c) they more or less trusted their government. Then Vietnam, Watergate, and above all, bureaucratic inefficiency and callousness corroded Americans' affection for and confidence in their governors.

Proposition 13 is a declaration—not of war but of supremacy. Though attempts have been made to characterize supporters of Proposition 13 as bigots who oppose subsidizing the poor, the evidence shows that most voters were not voting *against* the programs that their property taxes would have funded. They were voting *for* control over the government's purse strings. They were not seeking to *understand* the complexities of debt and contractual obligations and revenue sharing; they were simply saying, This is all the money we are willing to pay for government; now it is up to politicians to deliver the most for our dollars.

As any businessperson knows, having to operate within a tight, inflexible budget can be a healthful, invigorating challenge. Waste and inefficiency become doubly expensive when the squandered dollars could serve better purposes. Lacking funds to purchase something, one either improvises or does without.

It may be true that Proposition 13 will turn some local governments of California into Robinson Crusoes, scrounging for the necessities for survival. But whatever its effect on California, nationwide it has already changed attitudes. Henceforth, instead of simply approving new taxes to fund new programs, voters will require government to limit its activities to the available funds. Increased pressure on restricted budgets will increase scrutiny of proposed programs. The definition of "necessary" will necessarily contract. Initially, those hardest hit by Proposition 13 and similar measures elsewhere in the country will be the people who most depend on government for sustenance: the poor. The fear is that taxpayers will be reluctant to contribute any of their rescued tax dollars to restoring the valuable services eliminated by the tax cut. The challenge is how to make it attractive to the private sector to provide the goods and services that government can no longer afford. In the memorable past, the only incentive our Croesan government has made use of has been the stick. Now, deprived of funds (and power), our governors may be forced to discover uses for the carrot as well.

—CARLL TUCKER

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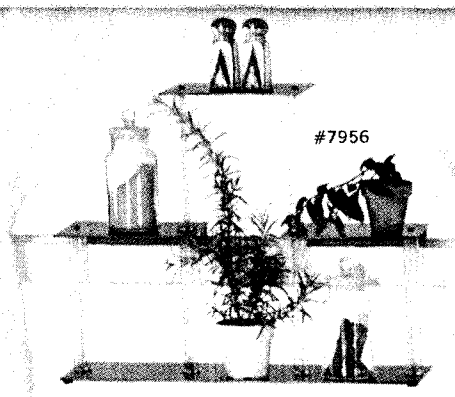
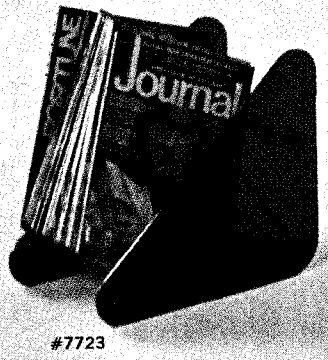


#7956

SHIMMERING SHOWPIECE SHELVES

The crystal elegance of our 5 ft. high classic 5-level shelf (#7720) sets off bibelots or plants as easily as it houses records when used with optional snap-in side panels (#7765). Each shelf, 16 in. sq., has a raised edge. Posh smoke-toned corner shelf (#7723) doubles as a magazine rack, 7½ in. by 9¼ in. by 16½ in. wide at front. Round serving cart (#7955) features white shelves, 16 in. dia., with leakproof rim, upheld by clear supports. Butcher board inset is maple and beech. The cathedral shelf (#7956), with smoky, gleaming surfaces and clear posts, mounts handsomely against windowpane or wall. Attach cushioned protectors for tabletop use; 18⅝ in. wide, 5¾ in. deep, 14½ in. high. All are molded of strong, easy-to-assemble styrene.

Photograph by Susan Wood; all glassware from Conran's, N.Y.; window sash from Capitol Glass, N.Y.



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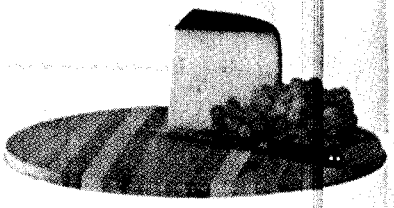

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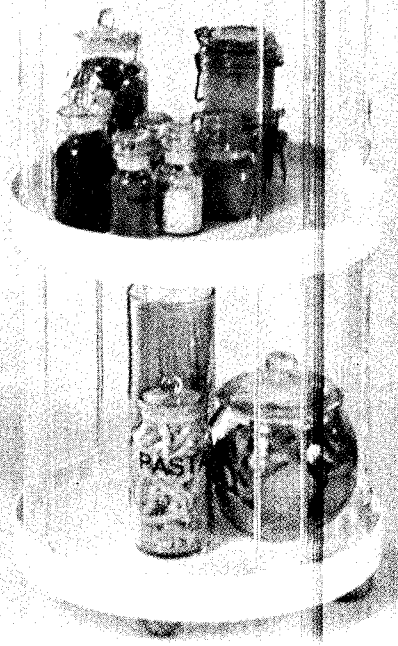
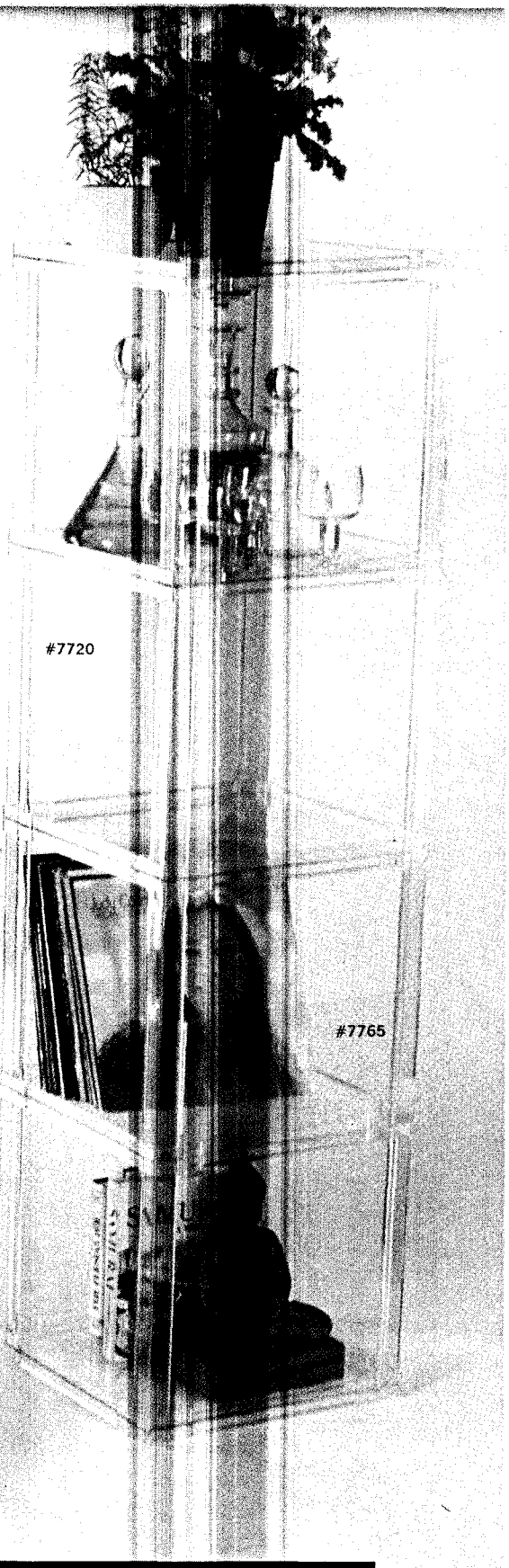
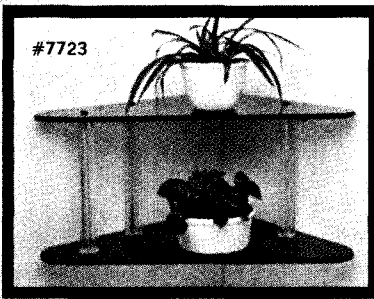




#7720

#7765



#7723

INFORMATION FOR ORDERING:

#7720	Crystal Etagère	@ $34.99 plus $3.00 post. & hdlg.
#7765	Side Wall Panels (4)	@ $ 7.99 plus $1.00 post. & hdlg.
#7955	Serving Cart	@ $44.99 plus $3.00 post. & hdlg.
#7956	Cathedral Shelf	@ $12.99 plus $1.00 post. & hdlg.
#7723	Record Rack/Corner Shelf	@ $ 7.99 plus $1.00 post. & hdlg.

To order, give item number next to picture and use list above for price and shipping. New York and Iowa residents only, please add sales tax. Send your name and address, enclosing check or money order, to: THE CHARTER GUILD, LTD., Dept. 856, 1419 West Fifth Street, Wilton, Iowa 52778.

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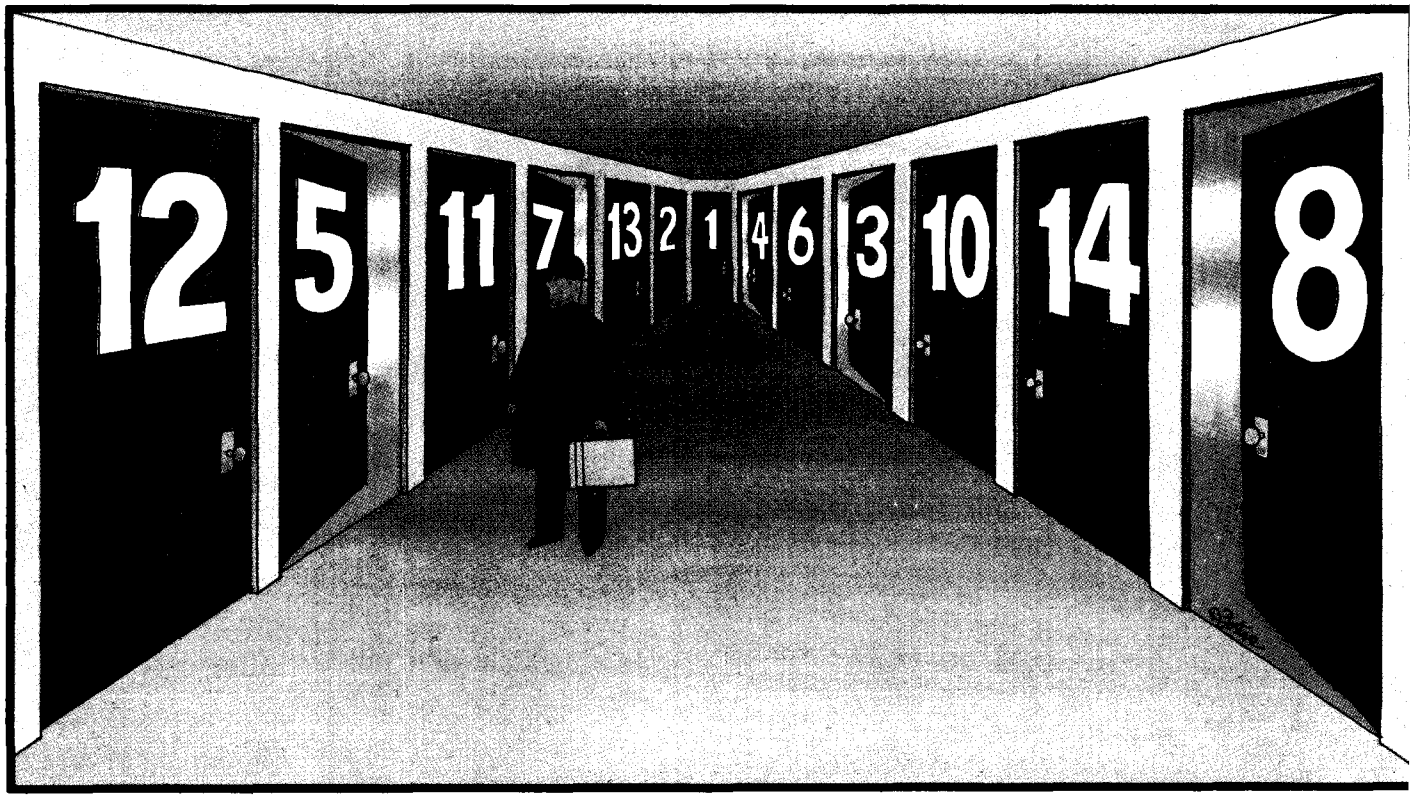
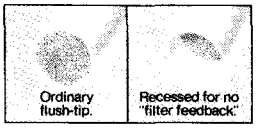
Low-tar Parliament

Choose more than just a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.

Parliament

LOW TAR · RECESSED FILTER

10 mg Kings
12 mg 100's

© Philip Morris Inc. 1978

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. 77.

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